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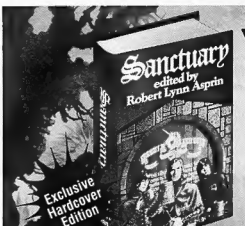

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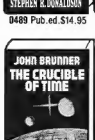

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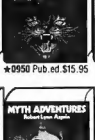

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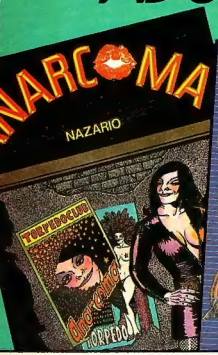

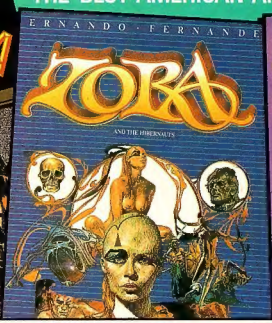

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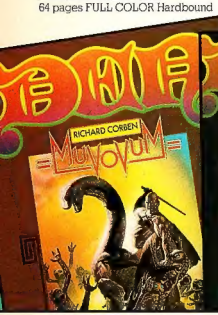

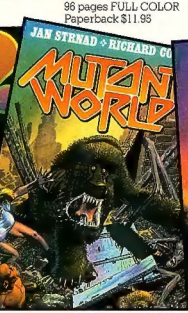

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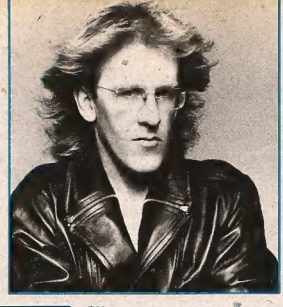

Paul Kantner readies himself to leave the planet.

STARSHIP TROOPER

Paul Kantner ushered us into the room, swept a hand as if to say, *Behold!*, then explained that it was built to the personal specifications of Sly Stone when he was at the height of his career. Thick, textured carpeting covered the lowermost floor, creeping up a series of levels and onto the walls so you could sit, stand, lie anywhere you wanted.

A sliding wall of glass, and beyond it a redwood deck and jacuzzi; the sky sparkled, the wind was balmy. Tourists in Sausalito are few in February. Those who wandered the town's streets would carry home souvenirs and anecdotes to Dubuque, Kansas City, Philadelphia. There was little likelihood of their stumbling into the Record Plant, down a rutted dirt road behind a supermarket.

The years have hardly marked Kantner; the long face, prognathous jaw, and rimless glasses are as we remember from the concerts and album covers and publicity shots of the 1960s, 1970s, 1980s.

My sound man, photographer, trivia champion, and general factotum Richard Wolinsky starts setting up.

The door opens and Kantner's two-year-old son Alexander enters with his mother. There's been a disaster. Alexander's Mickey Mouse has fallen into the toilet. Rescued but soaked. Paul hugs Alexander, plays with him, pats Mickey, and assures Alexander that he will recover.

Paul has been through twenty years of rock 'n' roll bizarrerie, dangerous politics, world travel, drug wars, media campaigns, club dates for a handful of customers, outdoor performances for a quarter of a million people at a shot, fights with record company executives, sheriff's deputies, network brass, and a mysterious illness diagnosed as a stroke that hospitalized him four years ago.

That will do one of two things to you, if you survive it at all. It will make you crazy or it will make you sane.

Kantner is in the Record Plant because the **Jefferson Starship** are at work on their next album. It's full of science-fiction ideas; Kantner has been involved with sf, comics, movies, media for his entire career.

Dozens of his songs are sf: "Have You Seen the Saucers," "Wooden Ships," "Crown of Creation," "I Want to See Another World," "Sunfighter," "Your Mind Has Left Your Body"—to name just a few. Plus two entire albums, ***Blows Against the Empire*** (1970) and ***Planet Earth*** (1984).

He's more interested in playing with his two-year-old son than in playing the role of media star.

Alexander's mom takes him off for lunch, and we talk with Paul.

—Dick Lupoff

HM: What's really happening at Mount Shasta?

PK: I would never tell. People have to find out for themselves. It's like in the sixties, we told everybody how neat San Francisco was and everybody came and overran it. So we've learned not to go blabbing things about, just give hints and things like that. Mount Shasta is regaled as one of the homes of the Lemurians. They're supposed to be ensconced deep in Mount Shasta and people report seeing little mystical gnomes and elves who live in caves and do all these other businesses, Yoda-like, and dance through the forest. The Indians have also revered it.

HM: How many gnomes have you met?

PK: I wouldn't tell. They'd erase it from your memory anyway.

HM: Where did you pick up on *Rebirth* by John Wyndham, in *Crown of Creation*?

PK: I just read that when I was in high school, maybe college. Long ago, you know? And whenever I read things, if I see a neat line or a neat idea, I'll just write it down in my book, and later on you're writing songs and you come across stuff, and you always try to give credit to people where credit's due. I like to turn people onto books like that, and usually credit them on the album when we do that sort of thing.

I wrote a letter to Heinlein once, asking him if I could use his ideas—I can't remember which song or which book now—but he wrote back to me and he said, "Oh, my God, you're the first person, out of thousands who've stolen my ideas, who's written and asked permission."

HM: Did he say yes?

PK: Oh, he said don't worry about it. So that was neat. But yeah, we're all English majors. Not all of us, actually. We have trouble with that sometimes. The last argument we had on that level, Grace came up with the line, "Let the English majors do it."

HM: Thinking of these people—

PK: Synchronicity.

HM: Who was—

PK: Jung. Yeah. But I always think of Vonnegut when somebody says synchronicity. *Sirens of Titan*, *Slaughterhouse-5*. Where Billy Pilgrim went back and forth because of the chronosynclastic infundibulum. Vonnegut's mad. I love . . . Vonnegut really set me free on a lot of levels.

In fact, the novel I'm writing is very much inspired by the way Vonnegut writes. Sort of little bits, and each little bit is amusing. You can sit in the bathroom and read one. I'm sure you hate to hear this, but like you read garbage literature and read one little bit and it would be amusing and enlightening. Or you can read chapters and chapters and enjoy each little bit. He was really made for our generation with our short, Twinkie attention span.

HM: What other science-fiction authors are you particularly interested in, or admire?

PK: The whole range of early ones that everybody's read. Asimov, Heinlein. John Brunner hit me a lot about ten years ago, when he had *Stand on Zanzibar* and about three or four novels on either side of that. He had a real prolific, nice period. *Squares of the City*, *The Sheep Look Up*—that's the big one. That scared me. That was one of the excellent ones.

HM: Have you read any Philip K. Dick?

PK: Oh, lots of his stuff. The Nazi one I like. *Man in the High Castle*. The *Blade Runner* movie. It was sad that he died just as it was made. Excellent movie, though. Extraordinary movie.

And—are you familiar with Patti Smith, read her or anything? She's sort of science fictional in quality. She isn't outright science fiction—but something about her is very otherworldly. She's like a character in a future thing who writes strange things. Anyway, she said that our generation has a certain continuity, that we're drawn together by certain ideas. I think science fiction is one of the outstanding ones that a lot of us are involved in.

It's a place where no borders are, no frontiers.

HM: What about *Planet Earth*? It's a record album but you talk about it also as a novel and a film.

PK: Well, I wrote it as a film. I mean, I didn't write a film *script*, but being a movie person . . . kid . . . generation kid . . . It just lapses into that at times, almost like this conversation lapses back and forth from subject to subject. At times it lapses just into a movie reference framework. From things like: Just pretend you're the camera, and here, you're doing this, you're going. . . .

And so you can take a reader into a film-like thing and just open up this expanse, as if you were viewing it on a film, the way *2001*, for example, would show the sun coming up and the satellite and the whole business going on. Jupiter, the moon, the sun.

I didn't do that in the book, but I mean you can take it and do things like that. In my case, I just took them inside a bomb—or a device that had a trigger bomb safety device in it—and down these huge corridors, light and mechanisms and metal, and—you know—reducing yourself to that tiny size where you can just go into a plug-hole and see this whole electronic trip where there's really flashy stuff going on.

This is just a section of the novel. I was talking about using

the camera, essentially camera movement, and asking the reader to be the camera and look at what has just been talked about from a camera point of view.

And see other things as a result of what you were just talking about still going on down there, sometimes right along the page. On one side of the page is the movie thing and on the other side of the page is the conversation, interstiched with the music that's going on, lyrics, stuff like that. I'm working on it. It's a first novel.

It's a totally experimental work and it's not what publishers would normally expect or accept, I would imagine. So I don't know what's going to happen with it now.

HM: *Blows Against the Empire* was your first science-fiction novel on album. How do you relate *Planet Earth* to that?

PK: It's an alternative to that, since *Empire* was predicated on a ship being built up there in the 1980s, which obviously isn't happening. Reagan says, "Yeah, we're going to build a space platform now, but it's probably just a military platform to shoot bombs down on people."

I think most large steps are military in nature. Fire, the wheel, atomic warfare. *Planet Earth* is an alternative to the fact that that's not going on. It's a few more years in the future, and there are people getting off the planet in another form, in this case their own sort of controls — computer-drive, telepathy-assisted, power-drive protective device shell.

In *Planet Earth* they construct the ship—the ship is the place they're living in—and just rip it out of the ground *en masse*, covered with a protective shield, and take that out rather than building a whole device. Sort of step past propulsion.

It's like standing on the English shores, on Plymouth, gazing west across the sea. We're doing the same thing. Mankind has always been doing that, and getting out in space is really like an evolution. It's like being right in the middle of a real heavy evolutionary step like fire or the wheel or language. Getting off this planet's going to mean something more than we're aware of, I think.

HM: Would you switch places with one of those guys in the tether-free flight outside a space shuttle?

PK: Oh, that was great, yeah. This last time I would have been worried. Enough previous experiments have failed. I could see the guy in *2001*, where you saw the guy's body just going *whoosh*, when Hal sent the guy away. I would like to have maybe two suits. Another one on a tether next to me just in case this one didn't work.

HM: How far are we going in space?

PK: To the end. I mean, unless we blow ourselves up. That's the key, too. Once we get in space, it doesn't matter if we blow ourselves up. Because we've already germinated the universe, and it's not the end of the human race.

I don't know if that's important to anybody but the human race, but that seems to be what plants and animals are supposed to do—regenerate themselves. And so, once we get off the planet, that's a huge evolutionary step, and we no longer have to worry about assholes blowing it up.

There's a song I'm doing now where it's a post-nuclear war situation and there's a girl, Lightning Rose, off one of our previous albums. She's leading a band of people against this domed city of survivors.

And there's a line in the song—the end chorus of the song is kind of like "Hey, Jude," *na-na-na-nananana*, with somebody singing, "And there is no more New York, no more London, no more Paris, and no more MTV, and no more RCA Victor, and Yale is a field of radioactive glass thirty miles across."

And then the end of the first section, "and there are no more bombs, and there are no more Russians." And some voice comes out, "and there are no more assholes," sort of hopefully. And another voice comes in, very deep, "There'll always be assholes."

(Like Paul Kantner, Richard A. Lupoff is a survivor of the sixties' Acid Wars. He's an editor—the What If . . . ? *series—a writer—most recently* Circumpolar! *from Pocket Books and the forthcoming* Sun's End *from Berkley—and, in more innocent times, record reviewer for* Ramparts *Magazine.—ls)*

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—Paul Kantner

THE GODMOTHER OF PUNK

I was half an hour late for my interview with director **Penelope Spheeris**, just a few days before her second movie, ***Suburbia***, opened in New York, in April. But it was okay—she'd overslept, and wasn't pissed at me at all. In fact, she was relieved. She'd done all the typical New Yorkish "aren't we fabulous" stuff the night before —like go to The Tea Room (The Russian Tea Room, where film people go to drop names), and to see *Cats*—but what kept her up late was dyeing her hair. "Whenever I get nervous—and I'm nervous about this film opening—I dye my hair," she said, playing with her long, newly maroon-red teased locks. "What color was it last night?" I ventured. "Bright, go-go pink," she said. "Too obvious."

Penelope Spheeris is nothing if not obvious. She's wearing a lot of ripped (purposefully, I presume) black things, spiked heels, and lots of studded bracelets ("Even Caroline Kennedy wears studded bracelets these days!" she says in her defense), and a lot of dark eye make-up. This may be *au natural* in an L.A. punk club (her *au natural* habitat), but in producer Roger Corman's posh air + glass apartment (he co-produced *Suburbia* with businessman Burt Dragin), or *anywhere* outside of an L.A. punk club, she's conspicuous. Maybe even *in* an L.A. punk club—I've never been to one.

Though her age hovers at around thirty-five, Spheeris' main interest—aesthetic or otherwise—is in hardcore punk. Her first full-length film was the punk documentary ***The Decline of Western Civilization*** (a presumptuous title, to say the least) in 1981. It combined live performance footage from the L.A. punk purist days, with off-stage interviews (including a classic one with Sid and Nancy, where both were practically incoherent), and was considered the best film of the new "punk" genre by the *New York Times*.

Penelope Spheeris waits for her Alka-Seltzer.

Photo © 1984 Robin Holland

But before Spheeris discovered nirvana in the L.A. punk scene (she admits it changed her life for the positive), she was your average upwardly mobile, aspiring filmmaker. She made rock documentaries, she produced Albert Brooks' *Real Life*—but her own life was, to be totally cliché, empty—until she discovered nihilism.

Which brings us to *Suburbia*. It's Spheeris' first full-length feature—with plot, characters, and everything. But it continues to document her fascination with L.A.'s punk scene, revolving around a group of teenagers and one eight-year-old from the suburbs of L.A. (redundant, I know), who leave their boring tract homes, and become "T.R. kids"—or "The Rejected." They take up residence in an abandoned shambles on the edge of town, eating stolen food, and staring at ("watching" isn't what they do) tv. When they get tired of that, they slam dance at local hardcore clubs. They also have pets—Ratley, the kissable rat, and a pack of wild

dogs that kill babies but are pussycats at the hands of the T.R.'s. They dress in the uniform of leather and studs with spiked hair, and hate everything but the above. They're victims of the violence of the outside world, but in their own little niche, they imitate communal family life. It's a unique vision of America's suburbs—Spheeris' vision.

—Merle Ginsberg

Spheeris: "My father ran a carnival. I grew up with the tatooed man, the fat lady, junkies, midgets—my father had a gorilla for a pet."

HM: You say in your production notes that this film is about suburbia *anywhere* in this country. Do you really believe that's true?

PS: I think that's *potentially* true—more than it already is. I can see where being stuck in 7-11's, tract homes, and the rest of it, can make people lose it.

HM: But isn't that the way everybody grows up?

PS: Yes, lots and lots of people. The difference now—from when *I* was growing up—is that you're getting a major amount of information from television. There's all this input, and no outlet. It leaves you all pent up. You need something to do with the energy. So, they go off and listen to the loudest and craziest music they can find, and slam dance off the energy.

HM: You go, too.

PS: Yeh, I go some. I'm breaking out now. I'm getting into heavy metal, and I'm not saying that because that's the name of this magazine. I'm into Wasp, into Accept—they do that song "Balls to the Wall." I'm not into Def Leppard, or that stuff much. But I love the Wasp poster: it says, "I fuck like a beast." (laughs) It's got a chain saw on this guy's crotch. Sex and violence, man!

HM: Why are you so fascinated with sex and violence?

PS: It's come to be that that's the only way to get the American public's attention. I use them to *say* something, which is kinda subversive. You *have* to use sex and violence these days, with MTV around.

HM: Why is the idea of "home" such an ugly one for you?

PS: Because being raised on tv, I got to watch the Nelsons, the Brady Bunch—what families could be, and never are—and that's as much of a joke as sex and violence. Families don't work, and they don't last.

HM: Why do you relate so closely to the punk aesthetic?

PS: Because, since I was born, I've been around weirdos. My father ran a carnival, and carnivals are made up of a bunch of rejects that regular society doesn't want. I grew up with the tatooed man, the fat lady, junkies, midgets—my father had a gorilla for a pet. So I can *relate*.

HM: Do you think punk is a logical extension of counter-cultural history, or something *really* different, *really* extreme?

PS: I think the kids in *Suburbia* got together because they were all alienated from traditional culture, or life. I feel stupid expounding on the philosophies of this "subculture," and what it means to the world-in-general—I'll leave that to the historians. I have too much respect for these kids to do that.

HM: You *do* have a lot of respect for them. It would seem from the film.

PS: I sure do, yeh. I have respect for kids in general, they go through *hell*. They get blamed for everything, no one ever thinks maybe the parents were wrong. But they are in my movie, and they are a lot. I think that, unfortunately, the film's true.

HM: Does a film have to be violent to tell the truth?

PS: No, but if society *is* violent, why represent it as if it's flowers and cupcakes? It's not that way in America today—people are *violently* pissed off. The American dream's gone down the toilet, Anger comes from unfulfilled expectations. So there's a lot of pissed off people out there. Parents take it out on their kids. My father was murdered when I was ten—my mother had two kids to take care of, so she worked two jobs, daytime in a factory, nighttime in a bar—and she got married nine times over the time I was growing up.

HM: Oh, you're *joking*.

PS: No. She was an alcoholic. She threw ketchup bottles at me when she got pissed.

HM: Do you still see her?

PS: Every week. Y'know, there's a statistic that says—I used to get the shit beat outa me—that abused children are emotionally more attached to their parent than kids who aren't abused. I guess it's God's magical way of turning a deficit into an asset. The worse you're treated, the more compassionate you become. Unless you're pushed over the edge, and you become a murderer. I don't know any punk murderers, by the way.

HM: I thought you really caught the disparity between the tough way punks *look*, and the way they can be so protective and gentle with each other.

PS: I look at the appearance factor—chains, leather—as a defense mechanism. If you're an attractive teenage girl walking down the street in short frills, you're a real target for a rapist. No one's gonna rape a girl in chains and leather.

HM: Isn't that stuff supposed to be a turn-on? *You* wear it.

PS: It's only a turn-on to little *boys* in chains and leather!

HM: And isn't that stuff supposed to be about negativity in general?

PS: No—these kids are young, and they have a natural tendency toward optimism. And they're like natural actors, because they've been raised on tv.

HM: You found these kids in clubs, right? What were the auditions like?

PS: Pretty crazy, because we interviewed over four hundred kids. We found them in clubs—me in my weird get-up, Burt in a business suit—and we'd say, "Want to be in a movie?" Some said yes, but a lot of them said, "Fuck off." It helped when they found out I directed *The Decline*. Some of the kids walked out before we even started the interviews. One guy looked perfect for a part, and I said, "Hey, don't leave. You can read." And he said, "No, I can't." I said, "Sure you can." He said, "No—you don't understand. I can't *read*." A lot of them couldn't.

HM: That little eight-year-old was great.

PS: Yeh, he was good. But he *hated* the mohawk we gave him. I had to talk him down while they were cutting his hair. After his character died, he cut it all off right away. Had to go back to school.

HM: How did you get that one kid to practically swallow a rat, when he kissed it? And how did you get him to *kiss* it?

PS: Believe me, I didn't expect that. I said to him, when we were shooting, "Now show the rat how much you like it." Then he put it in his mouth! Luckily, the camera was rolling. I guess that's what that kid does when he likes something. He's in an L.A. band, that kid—The Red Hot Chili Peppers. They're making an album now.

HM: The film has a lot of the look and feel of *Road Warrior*. Were you at all conscious of that?

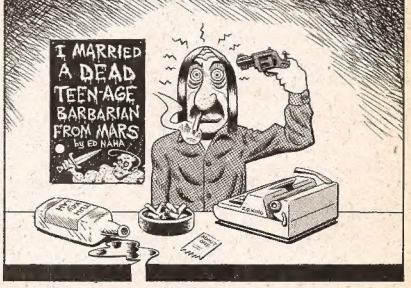
PS: No, but it's my favorite film, and Burt's. But I wasn't thinking of it, consciously.

HM: Do you think people who see *Suburbia* who aren't punks will be more sympathetic toward these punk kids?

PS: I hope so—I hope it at least raises some attention. I think people will look at them in a different way.

HM: What happens to them in the movie is so depressing. They're just victims.

PS: I guess it is a bit depressing. I guess I'm just a bummer kind of person. (laughs)



I was a pretty discerning fantasy film fanatic when I was a kid. I mean, even during my tender pre-pube years I realized that *The Day the Earth Stood Still* was great and *Queen of Outer Space* was ca-ca.

And, every so often, after a particularly bad bout with something along the lines of *Cat Women of the Moon*, I would wonder . . . who the hell *writes* these movies, anyway? I mean, who would actually put

his name on something like *The Brain from Planet Aros*, or *Bela Lugosi Meets A Brooklyn Gorilla*, or *White Pongo?*

Well, now I know.

Guys like me.

Last year I wrote two low-budgeted movies that rival anything I've ever seen at three in the morning on local TV. In a word, they are bad. In two words, they are very bad.

Please believe me, though. They didn't start out that way.

The first, currently called *Oddballs*, started out innocently enough when producer Roger Corman, a really neat guy whom I've always admired, decided he wanted to make a camp comedy. Figuring that he wasn't talking about a Solzhenitsyn film, I came up with what I thought was a pretty good premise for a slapstick movie about summer camp.

An old duffer, named Hardy Basset (pronounced Bas-SAY), loses a poker game and winds up trading his mobile home for a ramshackle summer camp: Camp Bottomout. It's a boys' camp filled with social misfits. Complicating matters is the fact that Hardy hates kids. For reasons too convoluted to go into here, he has to turn a profit the first year in order to get his life in order. The possibilities for wide screen mayhem were limitless.

I wrote the entire movie W.C. Fields-style with some great lines.

For instance, when Hardy spots a much-loathed mohawk-hairdo'd kid, he mutters "I hope a nearsighted giant mistakes you for a toothbrush."

At another point, Hardy passes a little kid digging a ditch and asks, "What are you doing?"

The kid doesn't miss a beat. "Ten years to life."

There are a lot of deranged situations, too. Once scene occurs in a fast food restaurant ("THE FASTEST FOOD EVER!") wherein sadistic waiters and waitresses time how fast you eat. If you don't chow down within the restaurant's time limit, you're tossed out.

During a wild car chase, the Elephant Man is suddenly seen hobbling down the street, a sack over his head, being tormented by kids. "I am not an animal," he cries. "I'm a human being!"

A car zips by. The momentum pulls off his mask. He has the head of a large cocker spaniel. "OK," he shrugs, New York Jewish-style. "So I lied."

You get the picture. A Canadian producer decided to film it, and I was off to Toronto for a few planning meetings. Everything went well . . . sort of. There were, however, a few signs that something was in the wind.

While there, somebody offered me an actress. ("She's very agreeable," I was told. Fine, I hate disagreeable people.) I had never been offered an actress before. I mean, what's the proper reply? "Sorry. I'm trying to cut down?"

I was also introduced to the fellow who was destined to direct the picture, a cinematographer (and the producer's landlord) named Miklos, who in a very thick mid-European accent added, "But you can call me Mike." (Sure, that'll fool everyone.)

A female member of the crew called my humor sexist.

The director told me my end gag involving nuclear waste was too political.

I was asked if I could insert any tit shots. (I said no.)

I left slightly dazed but pretty confident that the movie would be made as I wrote it.

There will be a pause here for hysterical laughter.

A month later, I *accidentally* heard about a *rewrite* that had been done by the director and the young lass who'd termed me sexist. I asked to see the new and improved script, now called *Cabin Fever.*

Among the improvements?

The movie now opened with the film's "director" talking to the audience in a mid-European accent. ("Did you all get your popcorn and drinks now? . . . Don't mess up the bloody floor, eh?" Canadian humor at its best, eh hosers?)

One of my characters, a ghetto kid named Francis who calls himself Francois after seeing the Pink Panther, now made bozo/lewd cracks like "Zee petit panther is only a kitten burglar . . . not big enough for ze grown-up pussy yet."

And—my favorite laugh-getter—while dealing with a female IRS agent, Hardy Basset actually ruminated, "I wonder if this revenue tyrant would go along with some recreational pickle dipping?"

The movie ended with the "director" jumping up and down yelling, "What did you do to my movie?"

That's pretty much the line I used in Roger Corman's office, commenting on his "new" script that had my name on it.

Roger was fairly appalled by the rewrite (this was the first he'd heard of it) and, so, the original storyline was reinstated and shot . . . literally, I think . . . the way war prisoners are shot: blindfolded and against a wall.

Filmed with an all-Canadian cast (who had the habit of pronouncing "Bottomout" as "Bottomooot," "chivalrous" as "chilevrus," and actually ended a lot of sentences like Bob and Doug McKenzie, with an inquisitive "Eh?") and directed in a visual manner rivaling anything by either Stevie Wonder or Ray Charles, *Oddballs* is truly something to behold.

The movie had disaster written all over it from the outset—and where it wasn't written, it was very neatly printed. With less than a week before cameras were supposed to roll, an American actor had yet to be cast in the lead role. At the eleventh hour, Foster Brooks, a delightful man, was signed to play the W.C. Fieldsesque character of Hardy. Since Foster is in his 70s, Hardy became a grandfather instead of an errant father and, oh yeah, a lush. Foster plays the entire movie in his famous drunken mode, which, in turn, tends to slow down the timing of the gags.

A sneak preview of the finished film in a small Southern California suburb proved that it's possible to put a small crowd into deep slumber without the aid of Pat Collins, the

THE METAL

Hollywood's made **John Candy** even bigger. Following his cannonball *Splash*, Disney has signed the ex-SCTV actor/comedian to a three-movie deal to develop, executive produce, and star in three original comedies. In wide-screen, we hope. In the meantime, he'll play Richard Pryor's baseball pal (possibly the diamond, but we're not sure) in **Walter Hill's** upcoming *Brewster's Millions* . . . That sequel to ***The Day the Earth Stood Still*** planned at 20th Century-Fox may start moving again after all. First announced nearly two years ago, the updated saucerfest hasn't been able to get in gear, but now **Peter Douglas**, Kirk's kid and the producer of *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, says he's written a script that unleashes Klaatu Jr. onto the uncivilized world . . . The busy writer-turned-writer/director **John Hughes** (*Mr. Mom, National Lampoon's Vacation, Sixteen Candles*) has signed a three-picture deal that doesn't even include his upcoming *Breakfast Club*. With *Sixteen Candles* star **Molly Ringwald** (the only good thing in last summer's hideous *Spacehunter*) and **Ally Sheedy** (*WarGames*), *Breakfast Club* is sort of a "Little Chill": a group of teens who go through, like, *heavy duty* revelations while locked in detention. Anthony Michael-Hall (also in *Vacation* and *Candles*) co-stars. Hughes has yet to even start *Weird Science* (another teen number), *The Last Good Year, Pretty and Pink*, and *An Angel Story*. Uh, somebody should tell him that adds up to *four* movies, not three . . . Tri-Star Pictures will stretch the Christmas stocking over some creep's face with ***Slay Ride***, in which St. Nick wants more than cookies . . . In other

John Candy can't wait to get back on the street to do what he does best.

hip hypnotist. As a result, the movie was trimmed to *under* ninety minutes. It may not be a laugh riot, but at least it's *fast*.

It is now playing at selected theaters near you (selected or singled out, maybe just being picked on) and, amazingly enough, is turning a profit—proving, if nothing else, that the God of the Old Testament is alive and well, and still the possessor of a fairly warped sense of humor. ("From the diety who gave you locusts and pillars of salt, comes . . . .")

The second film, which will remain nameless, may turn out even funnier—unintentionally, of course. It's still being worked on (or is that worked over?). This one originated one day when, while I was sitting chatting with Roger, he gazed at a poster from one of his past films, *Sorceress*, which prominently features a winged lion, and said "Didn't you want to write a sword and sorcery film?"

"No."

"Well, if you can come up with a good idea, I'll film it. Be nice if you could have a flying lion in it."

"Oh, *that* sword and sorcery film I always wanted to write."

Within minutes, I had spun a tale: sort of a whacked-out Ray Harryhausen plot involving the son of a murdered magician, his pet flying lion, and a warrior. Our warrior, however, wasn't your usual Conan type. He was more like Lee Marvin in *Cat Ballou* . . . a burnt-out wino. This trio is thrown together through various bizarro circumstances, and has to fight through an enchanted land to rescue a princess from an evil magician with a penchant for sarcasm.

There was a nice mixture of sword and sorcery and sly humor in this one, I thought. (For instance, after the magician dispatches yet another of the castle's little people in a fairly nasty way, the evil queen advises her wee companion to "try to do as he says, we're running out of dwarfs.")

Foolishly, I hoped that *this* movie would be captured accurately on camera. It was captured, all right, but not without a fight.

The movie was to be filmed in Argentina. I won't say anything except . . . when was the last time you saw a great film from Argentina?

A director was hired who hadn't directed in a decade but liked the script. He saw it as "Shakespearean."

By now, warning lights should have been flashing, right?

Nope. I still believed things were going smoothly. (I should point out that I was raised a Catholic, liked *The Wizard of Oz* a lot when I was a kid, and still believe in the Tooth Fairy.)

Monsters and elaborate foreground miniature set-ups were created in Los Angeles and sent down to Argentina . . . where they ran headfirst into a customs strike. For what seemed like an eternity, our entire menagerie of mythological beasties sat in crates in an airport, awaiting their walking papers. They were sprung at the last moment—not that it mattered.

Only a few of the actors in the movie would be American, the rest would be local (read: cheaper) actors who would recite their lines in phonetic English and be re-dubbed later in the states.

Things started coming unglued fairly early.

The lead American actor hated the director. The director feared the lead actor. The result? After a week of filming, there had been no real footage shot and the director—who had (unbeknownst to any of us up in the states) rewritten a lot of the script to give it more "Shakespearean" overtones—was canned.

The Argentine producer and the lead actor decided not to hire an outside director—they together would now guide the movie to completion. That included rewriting the script yet again.

From that point onward, what happened is anyone's guess.

Word filtered up that the lead actor was taking his role of a wino to heart and was disrupting the film.

It was also decided that the flying lion shouldn't fly. It would cost too much to set up the crane needed to hoist our featured feline. And so, the wings were taken off, which left us with a guy in a lion suit strolling around on two legs. That looked phony, so it was decided to cover him with white fur to change it into another kind of critter entirely. The fur was applied quite liberally. The result? A large hairball with bell-bottomed legs. Not only did it look phony, it looked environmentally dangerous.

All the neat foreground miniature scenes and monsters were discarded because, "there just wasn't the technology to film them" down there. (For the record, a nine-year-old kid with an 8mm camera and a good eye has the technology to film foreground miniature scenes.)

The sly humor was replaced with slapstick. (Two lizard warriors do "the bump"—they bump butts—before going into battle. Great for *Dance Fever* maybe . . . Our hardened hero now muttered "have a nice day"—isms so banal that even an orthodox Hallmark Card fan would barf, and a lot of the more interesting dialogues were excised altogether. There's one bit where a hobgoblin, who talks in sarcastic rhymes, pauses after a battle and is supposed to sum up what has elapsed hence and suggest what dangers await our heroes. In the finished film, his lines were changed to "good, good, very good, very good, good."

No shit.

Let's see, what else? The beginning of the film was scrapped. The ending was, too. All the scenes with the flying lion had to be changed because not only didn't we have a flying lion but what we did have was a hairbag that could barely move.

Last but certainly not least, our warrior no longer fought any fights. (Later, a stunt double went before the cameras to do some actual swordplay, weeks after the movie was com-

PROJECTOR

slice 'n' dice news. *Silent Madness* in 3-D, starring **Viveca Lindfors** (*Creepshow*), is carving its way into theaters this Halloween . . . **Chevy Chase** will play a cynic-dick in ***Fletch***, based on the **Gregory McDonald** novels . . . Playboy Playmate **Ola Ray**, Michael Jackson's girl in "Thriller," will co-star with **Billy Dee Williams** in *Fear City* . . . Speaking of the Little Prince, he's recruited **Rick Baker**, the *American Werewolf* special Fx artist, to design a mask that will let him roam around unrecognized. Maybe he'll let us throw darts at his face now . . . **Tab Hunter** will resume his absurd affair with **Divine** in *Lust in the Dust*, with director **Paul Bartel** (*Eating Raoul, Private Parts, Deathrace 2000*). Meanwhile, Divine's main man **John Waters** is working on a *Pink Flamingos* sequel, *Flamingos Forever* . . . From Canada comes ***The Dog Who Stopped the War***, from Jamaica comes ***Zombie Island Massacre***, from Germany comes ***You Bet There Is a Nessie***, and, our favorite, from Israel comes a new teen comedy **Up Your Anchor**. Get your shots . . . **Eddie Murphy**, finished with his *Best Defense*, is shooting a *Beverly Hills Cop*. That's gonna blow his probation . . . **Stephen King** and **George A. Romero**, on break from ***Creepshow II***, are among the contributors to **"Tales from the Darkside,"** the fall TV series in the "Outer Limits"/"Twilight Zone"/"Night Gallery" family tree . . . Also, HBO has the "Playhouse 90" of science fiction, **"Future-tales,"** twenty-six teleplays based on stories by, among others, **Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke**, and **Robert Bloch** . . . **Brian de Palma** has started his soft-porn dream project *Body Double* without Kurt Russell, who has instead begun *The Mean Season* with Mariel Hemingway . . . ***Plunderers of the Gigabyte***, from the novel of Herbert Margolis and Richard P. Greenfield, will indeed become a movie. Set in 1987, it postulates a computer analyst making it with the world's largest microchip—you know, the usual . . . **Steven Spielberg, George Lucas**, and **Francis Coppola** are all in England consulting on Disney's **Oz**. My God, we hope they took separate planes . . . Yukio Mishima's widow has divorced herself from the **Coppola/Lucas/Schrader** production about her late husband. Obviously having never heard the American phrase "a little pregnant," she says ***Mishima*** is too homosexual . . . **Roger Corman** has enlisted **Jimmy Carter** for a cameo in his ***World War III***. It's only a movie . . . **Mel Gibson** has signed the dotted line for the third *Mad Max/Road Warrior*. Way to go Mel! . . . **Dan O'Bannon** is directing his screenplay of ***Return of the Living Dead*** . . . Writer **Cameron Crowe** (*Fast Times at Ridgemont High*), who started at *Rolling Stone* at fifteen (*RS*'s median age), returns with *The Wild Life*, starring **Christopher Penn** (Sean's brother) and **Rick Moranis** ("SCTV") . . . Expect a sequel to ***The Howling*** . . . **Pat Benatar, Freddie Mercury, Loverboy**, and **Adam Ant** will all be heard in **Giorgio Moroder**'s workout of Fritz Lang's 1926 ***Metropolis*** . . . **Leif Garrett** stars in *Thunder Alley*, about a farm boy who loses sheep over becoming a rock star . . . Rock Around the Block: the **Youth Brigade/Social Distortion** tour documentary will be distributed under the title of *Another State of Mind*.

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

pleted.) I am still not sure what brought on this sudden surge of pacifism in our hero. I'm not sure that I really want to know.

When the rough cut of the film was sent up to LA. for me to look at, I went into something resembling a break dance festival. The Argentine actors were unintentionally hysterial ("This ring is dee sores of all my powuh."), but we knew they'd have to be overdubbed anyway.

The *amazing* thing about the film was that it no longer had any plot. Really. I mean, it could have been a John Agar film from 1956. We had a whole bunch of people running around with swords going, "hllloook hout heez gotta wuppon."

So, my job, at this point, was to pen a new beginning and a new ending for this epic (to be shot with Argentine actors) and come up with nearly 100 lines that could be overdubbed onto existing footage. These new lines would, hopefully, put some of the storyline *back* into the film. This isn't as easy as it sounds, in that it's hard to match up lip movements with new verbiage and, quite often, you're putting lines into actors' mouths that have nothing to do with either the scene being witnessed, the action that has preceeded it, or life as we know it on this planet, in general.

As of this writing, the finished film features a lot of dialogue spoken when people turn their heads away from the camera, or when they're very far from the lens—like ten miles—and you can't see their lips. (Sometimes, you can't even see their heads.) It's going to be a great film for people who are too shy to speak at parties. Instant audience identification.

Now, you'd think that after these two wonderful forays into cinema, I would retreat back into the realm of books and print journalism, right?

I mean, I'd have to be a real nutcase to again risk having my name stuck on the 1980s equivalent of *Invasion of the Saucer Men* or *Machiste in the Valley of the Son-in-Law*, right? Let's face it, if I was smart, I'd retreat.

But nooooooo.

Those two scripts actually got me a nifty film agent. I've written two more films, I'm up for a third and, this summer, I'll have another movie before the cameras. It's called *Troll*, and it's all about this little creature who hides out in the laundry room of this southern California apartment building where it spots this little girl, see, and *then* . . .

Uh, it's very *Shakespearean*.

—Ed Naha

IT'S CLIP TIME!

Once again after endless hours of eyeball-poppin' ear-rockin' analysis, your faithful *HM* crew of vidiots roll out the 1984 Clip Award nominees for excellence in music video. Scouring the tube from coast to boast, this year's judges, (Julie Simmons-Lynch, Lou Stathis, Steven Maloff, Michael Shore and Merle Ginsberg), chose clips produced between April 1, 1983 and May 11, 1984 that best captured the elusive synergy between sight and sound—the *HM* way. Stay tuned next month when we announce the Clip Award winners in a videoeyezed, full color feature. Roll tape. Action.

Alan Hecht
Chairman of the Judges

CLIP OF THE YEAR

"Rockit"
Artist: Herbie Hancock
Producer: Lexi Godfrey & John Gaydon
Director: Kevin Godley & Lol Creme
Production: Medialabs Ltd.
Columbia Records

"Hyperactive"
Artist: Thomas Dolby
Producer: Adam Whittaker
Director: Daniel Kleinman
Production: Limelight Films
Capitol Records

"You Might Think"
Artist: the Cars
Producer: Jeff Stein, Charlie Levy & Alex Weil
Director: Charlie Levy, Alex Weil & Jeff Stein
Production: Charlex
Elektra Records

"Burning Down the House"
Artist: Talking Heads
Producer: David Byrne
Director: David Byrne
Production: Index Video
Warner Brothers

"She Was Hot"
Artist: the Rolling Stones
Producer: Michael Hamlyn
Director: Julien Temple
Production: Midnight Films
Rolling Stones Records

DIRECTOR OF THE YEAR

Kevin Godley and **Lol Creme** for "Rockit," Herbie Hancock

Julien Temple for "She Was Hot," Rolling Stones

Daniel Kleinman for "Hyperactive," Thomas Dolby

Russell Mulcahy for "I Guess That's Why They Call It the Blues," Elton John.
Producer: Jacqui Byford
Production: MGMM
Geffen Records

Tim Newman for "Gimme All Your Lovin'," ZZ Top
Producer: Chris Anthony
Production: Dancing Buffalo Productions
Warner Brothers

SOLO PERFORMANCE

Neil Young in "Wonderin"
Producers: Gordon Lewis & Debbie Kermode
Director: Tim Pope
Production: GLO Productions

Cyndi Lauper in "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun"
Producer: Ken Walz
Director: Ed Griles
Production: Ken Walz Productions
Epic Records

Ray Davies in "Come Dancin'"
Producer: Michael Hamlyn
Director: Julien Temple
Production: Midnight Films
Arista Records

Tony Powers in "Don't Nobody Move (This is a Heist)"
Producers: Tony Powers & Brian Owens
Director: Brian Owens
Sony Video LP

Al Yankovik in "Eat It"
Producer: Simon Straker
Director: Jay Levy
Production: Pendulum Productions
Epic Records

GROUP PERFORMANCE

The B-52s in "Legal Tender"
Producer: Francie Moore
Director: C.D. Taylor and Mick Haggerty
Production: Neo-Plastic Productions
Warner Brothers

Twisted Sister in "You Can't Stop Rock 'n' Roll"
Producer: Simon Fields
Director: Arthur Ellis
Production: Limelight Films
Atlantic Records

The Rolling Stones in "She Was Hot"

UB40 in "Red Red Wine"
Producer: Rob Small
Director: Bernard Rose
Production: Stagefright Productions, Ltd.
A&M Records

The Cure in "Love Cats"
Producers: Gordon Lewis & Debbie Kermode
Director: Tim Pope
Production: GLO Productions
Sire Records

EDITING

Roo Aiken for "Rockit," Herbie Hancock

Lenny Friedman for "I Love L.A." Randy Newman
Producer: Gary Buonanno
Director: Tim Newman
Production: Dancing Buffalo Productions

Bill Weber & Danny Rosenberg for "You Might Think," Cars

Pierce Rafferty & Margie Crimmins for "Jack the Ripper," the Raybeats
Produced & Directed by Rafferty and Crimmins
Shanachie Records

Warren Lynch for "I Guess That's Why They Call It the Blues," Elton John

CINEMATOGRAPHY

Daniel Pearl for "Every Breath You Take," the Police
Producer: Fiona Fitzherbert
Directors: Kevin Godley & Lol Creme
Production: F&F Productions

John Metcalfe for "I Guess That's Why They Call It the Blues," Elton John

Lazlo Kovacs for "This Time," Bryan Adams
Producer: Simon Fields
Director: Steve Barron
Production: Limelight Films
A&M Records

Sid McArtney for "Red Red Wine," UB40

Steve Tickner and Peter Christopherson for "In the Mood," Robert Plant
Producer: Aubrey Powell
Director: Storm Thorgerson
Production: Greenback Films
Atlantic Records

ART DIRECTION

Mick Haggerty & C.D. Taylor for "Song for a Future Generation," the B-52s
Producer: Francie Moore
Directors: Mick Haggerty & C.D. Taylor
Production: Neo-Plastic Productions
Warner Brothers

Kevin Godley and Lol Creme for "Rockit," Herbie Hancock

Al McDowell for "Safety Dance," Men without Hats
Producer: Gordon Lewis & Debbie Kermode
Director: Tim Pope
Production: GLO Productions
MCA Productions

Joan Logue for "Renee & Georgette Magritte with Their Dog after the War," Paul Simon
Producer: Alan Kleinberg
Director: Joan Logue
Production: Alan Kleinberg & Broadway Video
Warner Brothers

Kim Colfax for "Dancin' with Myself," Billy Idol
Producer: Jeff Abelson
Director: Tobe Hooper
Production: Parallax Productions
Chrysalis Records

SPECIAL EFFECTS

David Yardley & David Brockhurst for "Hyperactive," Thomas Dolby

Charlex for "You Might Think," The Cars

Joan Logue & Broadway Video for "Renee & Georgette Magritte with Their Dog after the War," Paul Simon

Daniel Swietlik for "Jam the Motha," the Gap Band
Producer: Barbara Gangi
Director: Lawrence Bridges
Production: Red Car Productions
Polygram Records

Metavision for "Dr. Detroit," Devo
Producer: Robert K. Weiss
Director: Gerald V. Casale
Production: Universal Pictures

CHOREOGRAPHY

Toni Basil for "Over My Head," Toni Basil
Produced & Directed by Toni Basil
Chrysalis Records

Arlene Phillips for "I'm Still Standing," Elton John
Producer: Jacqui Byford
Director: Russell Mulcahy
Production Co: MGMM
Geffen Records

Michael Peters for "Beat It"
Producer: Antony Payne
Director: Bob Giraldi
Production: Bob Giraldi Productions
Epic Records

Barbara Allen "The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight," Dominatrix
Producer: S. Arbright and Beth B.
Director: Beth B.
UpRoar/Streetwise Records

Kevin Godley and Lol Creme for "Rockit," Herbie Hancock

ANIMATION

Peter Conn, Jonathan Leach, & Overton Lloyd for "Atomic Dog," George Clinton
Producer: Coco Conn
Director: Peter Conn
Production: Homer & Associates
Capitol Records

New York Institute of Technology for "Adventures in Success," Will Powers
Producer: Lynn Goldsmith & Joshua White
Director: Lynn Goldsmith & Rebecca Allen
Island Records

John Sanborn & Dean Winkler for "Act III," Phillip Glass
Produced & Directed by John Sanborn & Dean Winkler
Columbia Records

Steve Blevins, Mike Kaluta & **Claudia Steinberg** for "Don't Answer Me," Alan Parsons Project
Producer: Bill Perna & Stephen Oakes
Director: D.J. Webster and Peter Rosenthal
Production: Doyle, Dane & Bernbach/Broadcast Arts
Arista Records

Mick Haggerty and **C.D. Taylor** for "Family Man," Hall & Oates
Producer: C.D. Taylor
Director: Mick Haggerty and C.D. Taylor
Production: Neo-Plastic Production
RCA Records

EXTENDED PLAY

"We're All Devo," Devo
Producer: Chuck Statler
Director: Gerald V. Casale
Sony Video LP

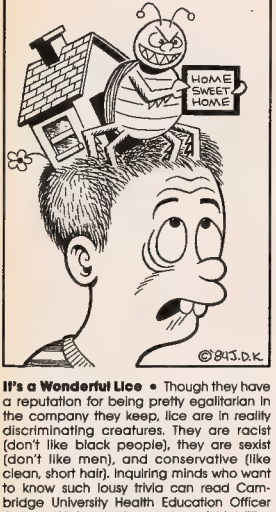
"Perfect Lives," Robert Ashley
Producer: Carlota Schoolman
Director: John Sanborn
Production Co: The Kitchen & Channel 4 (UK)
The Kitchen

"Girl Groups," various artists
Producer: Stephanie Bennett & Steve Alpert
Director: Steve Alpert
Delilah Communications

"Don't Nobody Move," Tony Powers
Producer: Tony Powers & Brian Owens
Director: Brian Owens (except "Midnite Trampoline")
produced & directed by Tony Powers
Sony Video LP

"The High Road," Roxy Music
Produced and Directed by Robin Nash
Production Co: BBC TV
RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video

CRYPTICA

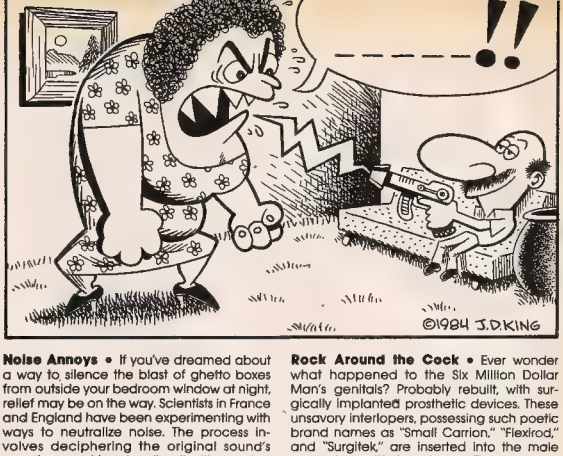


It's a Wonderful Lice • Though they have a reputation for being pretty egalitarian in the company they keep, lice are in reality discriminating creatures. They are racist (don't like black people), they are sexist (don't like men), and conservative (like clean, short hair). Inquiring minds who want to know such lousy trivia can read Cambridge University Health Education Officer Joanna Wickenden's recent pamphlet, "The Little Louse," in which she tells all.

Lice prefer children between four and six years old. Among people over twelve they prefer women, proving that they're not complete perverts. Most important, lice can only travel from person to person if the two people put their heads together. Now, keeping in mind that tiny white lice eggs can be seen on dark-haired people, you might want to take a closer look at that brunette's dandruff before you sleep with her. Lice do most of their egg-laying at night.

Lone Sloan-Kettering • Megatrends. How can one make big money from them? Approach it logically: what are some of the greatest social phenomena of our time? Pop-psych therapy, cancer, and video games will do. Now, the trick here is to combine all three into one big consumer item. The Japanese could do it . . . but they're not therapy-oriented enough. No—this is a job for a truly caring, modern mentality. Hence, a Swedish inventor has come up with a video game that simulates the drama of body defenses fighting cancer. The cancer cells are attacked by interceptor antibodies in the shape of fighter planes or spaceships. They take off on missions from their headquarters in the thymus gland, which is the body's center of operations in the war against cancer.

The inventor's philanthropic motive is to help patients think positively about their struggle. Should he persuade enough like-minded hospital administrators, tomorrow's cancer ward could be a noisy, jolly place full of synthesized bangs and pops and endlessly repeated tunes. The question is, what happens when a patient begins to lose his games?

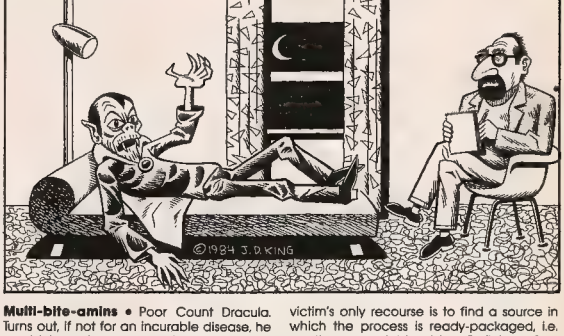


Noise Annoys • If you've dreamed about a way to silence the blast of ghetto boxes from outside your bedroom window at night, relief may be on the way. Scientists in France and England have been experimenting with ways to neutralize noise. The process involves deciphering the original sound's waveform and bombarding it with one that is the original's exact negative. The scientists have succeeded in feeding sound into a microphone and creating its amplified playback in reverse phase. The effect is to reduce or obliterate the decibels from the source.

One application being tried is the computerized recording of TV commercials whose annoying jingles can be identified and erased when repeated. Once the computer recognizes the jingle it can trigger your VCR to stop taping, thus expunging commercial interruptions. The experiment's ultimate application could be a gun aimed at a source of sound to silence it—great fun at the opera, not to mention an ingenious form of censorship at political rallies.

Rock Around the Cock • Ever wonder what happened to the Six Million Dollar Man's genitals? Probably rebuilt, with surgically implanted prosthetic devices. These unsavory interlopers, possessing such poetic brand names as "Small Carrion," "Flexirod," and "Surgitek," are inserted into the male organ to rectify impotence. They come in two varieties: the economy model, which consists of two permanently semi-rigid rods installed where it hurts; and the executive version, consisting of two inflatable fluid-filled ducts that can be pumped up by squeezing the fluid's reservoir housed within the scrotal sac (in other words, by squeezing the balls you get a mechanical hard-on). Pretty natural, eh? And when it's all over there's no mess or mopping up—the fluid considerately drains back into the reservoir. A perfect product for the neighborhood supermarket.

For the really needy, VA hospitals operate a truly no-frills approach: only one rod is used instead of two, for a semi-demi-rigid look.



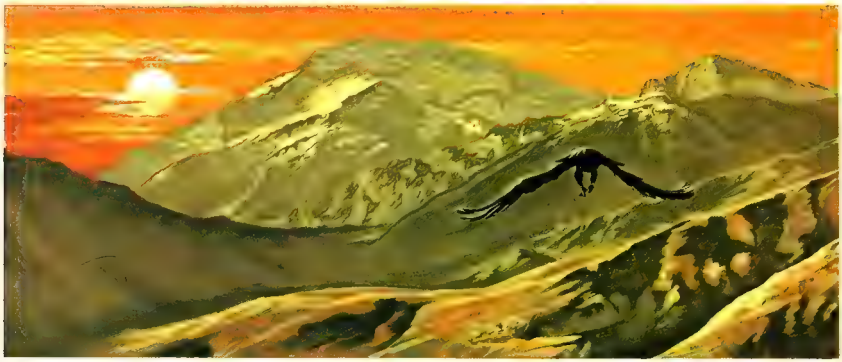
Multi-bite-amins • Poor Count Dracula. Turns out, if not for an incurable disease, he would have been a regular guy gulping down Bud instead of blood. Professor David Dolphin, a scientist at the University of British Columbia, has discovered that there might be a natural explanation for the eccentricities of vampires, with the implication that, perhaps, they're not as mythical as previously thought. The illness is called Iron-Deficiency Porphyria, and cripples the body's ability to metabolize the iron necessary to transport oxygen in the blood. The victim's only recourse is to find a source in which the process is ready-packaged, i.e. another person's blood. Iron-Deficiency Porphyria also causes extreme skin-sensitivity to light, so the sufferer would rather go skulking around after dark than die of suntan. And garlic? It activates an enzyme that removes iron from the blood; the last thing a desperate vampire needs is something that makes his condition worse. The undead may be among us, but they just need help and understanding.

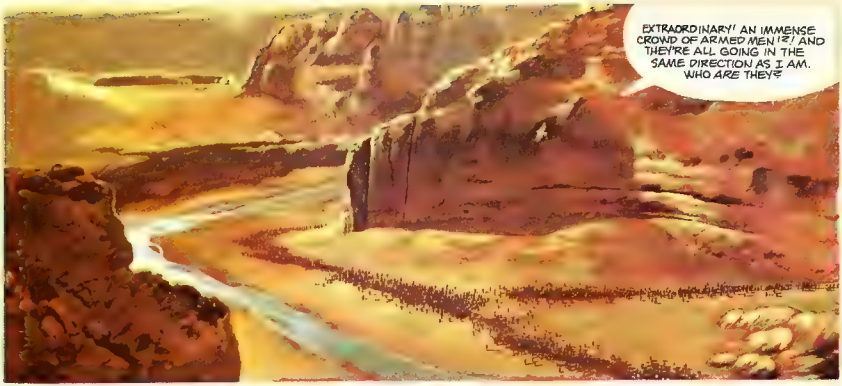
—Melik Kaylan

THE GREAT PASSAGE

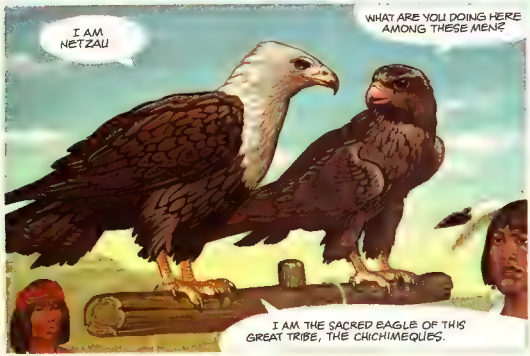
by Jeronaton

TOPSANNAH, A PENATEKA INDIAN WOMAN, WAS AIDED BY THE GREAT SHAMAN OF THE NAVAHOS. TO HELP HER FIND HER BROTHER KOTSOTA, THE SHAMAN PUT TOPSANNAH INTO A PEYOTE TRANCE. IN THE NETHERWORLD OF THE MIND TO WHICH THE DRUG HAD TRANSPORTED HER, SHE MET THE SPIRIT OF PEYOTL. HE TOLD HER OF KOTSOTA'S JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHERN LANDS OF THE TOLTECS IN SEARCH OF THE GOD KUKAR. TO MAKE TOPSANNAH'S TRAVEL TO THE SOUTH EASIER, THE SPIRIT TRANSFORMED TOPSANNAH INTO AN EAGLE AND THE GREAT SHAMAN SENT HER ON HER WAY.




EXTRAORDINARY! AN IMMENSE CROWD OF ARMED MEN!?! AND THEY'RE ALL GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS I AM. WHO ARE THEY?

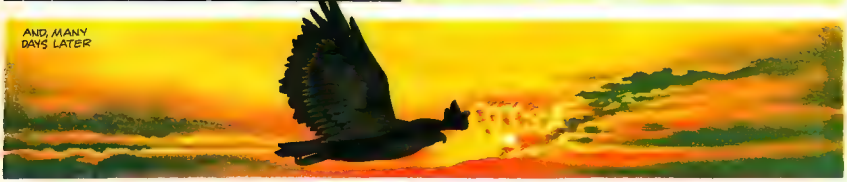
AND... I SEE ANOTHER EAGLE WITH THEM.


I AM NETZALI
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AMONG THESE MEN?
I AM THE SACRED EAGLE OF THIS GREAT TRIBE, THE CHICHIMEQUES.

HELLO, EAGLE. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

THEY ARE NUMEROUS. I SAW THEM FROM UP THERE AS THEY WALKED TOWARDS THE SOUTH TELL ME, NETZAU... HAVE YOU LIVED AMONG THESE "CHICHIMEQUES" FOR A LONG TIME?
THEN YOU HAVE SEEN MANY THINGS... DID... DID YOU EVER SEE A YOUNG COMANCHE MAN WHO WAS HEADING SOUTHWARD?
FOR YEARS. MY CAPTIVITY, HOWEVER, IS SWEET, BECAUSE I AM REGARDED AS A DIVINE ANIMAL. ALSO, TO OBSERVE THE LIFE OF THE WINGLESS BIRDS IS A CURIOUS AND VERY INTERESTING THING.
YES! YES! I DO REMEMBER! IT WAS MANY MOONS AGO! A COMANCHE YOUTH WAS CAPTURED ONE DAY . HIS NAME WAS KO... UM.. KOSOTA. I BELIEVE. HE WAS FAR FROM HIS HOME. MY PEOPLE MADE HIM A SLAVE ... BUT NOT FOR VERY LONG. HE ESCAPED AND FLED SOUTH TO THE EMPIRE OF THE TOLTECS
TELL ME ABOUT THE TOLTECS.
THE TOLTECS ARE A VERY KNOWLEDGEABLE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN BIG STONE HOUSES AND WORSHIP A MULTITUDE OF GODS. UNFORTUNATELY, THEIR DAYS ARE NUMBERED. THESE ARMED WARRIORS MARCHING TOWARDS THE SOUTH NO LONGER WANT TO LIVE IN THE DESERT AT THE MERCY OF FAMINE AND DROUGHT. WITH THEIR ALLIES, THE NAHUATLE, THEY ARE EN ROUTE TO DESTROY THE EMPIRE OF THE TOLTECS AND TO CLAIM ITS RICHES AND ITS FERTILE LANDS AS THEIR OWN.

OH, NO... IF KOTSOTA IS WITH THE TOLTECS, THEN HE'S IN GRAVE DANGER! I MUST GET TO HIM AND WARN HIM OF YOUR COMING.
OH, NO NEED FOR HURRY. THIS DESERT IS SO VAST AND THE WARRIORS' ARMY SO LARGE THAT MUCH TIME WILL GO BY BEFORE THE JOURNEY IS FINISHED.


AND, MANY DAYS LATER

FINALLY! THE END OF THE DESERT!

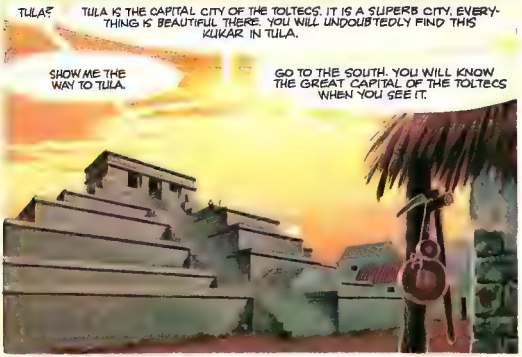
AND THERE... HOUSES OF STONE. HAVE I ARRIVED AT THE LAND OF THE TOLTECS?

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, BEAUTIFUL BIRD?

I AM FROM THE GREAT PLAINS OF THE NORTH... WHERE THE BISON ROAM. AND YOU? WHO ARE YOU?

THE BISON? AN EAGLE WHO COMES FROM THE PLAINS OF THE NORTH? HOW STRANGE...! AND I? I AM THE GUARDIAN OF THIS TEMPLE

IN MY TIME, I HAVE SEEN MANY EXTRAORDINARY THINGS...
DO YOU KNOW THE GOD CALLED KUKARZ
I KNOW ALL THE GODS!... BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT THAT ONE. HOWEVER, ONE CAN FIND EVERYTHING IN TULA.


TULA?
TULA IS THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE TOLTECS. IT IS A SUPERB CITY. EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL THERE. YOU WILL UNDOUBTEDLY FIND THIS KUKARZ IN TULA.
SHOW ME THE WAY TO TULA.
GO TO THE SOUTH. YOU WILL KNOW THE GREAT CAPITAL OF THE TOLTECS WHEN YOU SEE IT.

IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD, CROWNED WITH A MAJESTIC TEMPLE. THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH IS GUARDED BY FOUR WARRIORS OF STONE.
FAREWELL... AND THANK YOU, O GUARDIAN!

OH, HOW BEAUTIFUL! ALL THESE LARGE HOUSES !... AND THE PEOPLE, ALL OF THEM DRESSED IN FEATHERS AND GOLDEN JEWELRY! A CITY AS MAGNIFICENT AS THIS MUST SHELTER A TRULY GREAT PEOPLE!
AND . AHA! THERE IS THE TEMPLE WITH ITS FOUR STONE WARRIORS
18

A PROCESSION IS CLIMBING THE STEPS TO THE SANCTUARY. WHAT MYSTERIOUS CEREMONY AM I ABOUT TO ATTEND?

O QUETZALCOATL, STAR OF THE MORNING, FATHER OF THE ARTS AND OF CIVILIZATION YOU DEIGN TO APPEAR BEFORE US IN THE GUISE OF THIS GOLDEN BIRD. THANKS BE TO YOU
GOLDEN BIRD? THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME! IS HE TALKING TO ME?!?
BRING FORTH THE CONSECRATED VICTIM
WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO? AND WHAT ROLE MUST THIS YOUNG MAN PLAY?
WITH THIS KNIFE OF OBSIDIAN, O QUETZALCOATL, PROTECTOR OF TULA, I SHALL MAKE THE BLOOD OF THIS BOY FLOW.
DRINK YOUR FILL OF THIS MAGIC ELIXIR AND DRAW FROM IT THE POWER TO DIVERT FROM US THE ANGER OF THE EVIL GODS TEZCATLIPOCA AND HUITZILIPOCHTLI.
THEY ARE GOING TO KILL THAT DEFENSELESS BOY! WHAT MANNER OF BEINGS ARE THESE WHO COVER THEMSELVES WITH SPLENDOR, YET SPILL BLOOD FOR THEIR GODS?

NO! I WILL NOT ALLOW SUCH A HORROR TO TAKE PLACE!
WHAT?!?.. WHAT IS HAPPENING?
LOOK! THE EAGLE ATTACKS THE GREAT PRIEST!
THE GOD REFUSES THE SACRIFICE! MISFORTUNE IS UPON US!
LET THE CAPTIVE AND THE BIRD LEAVE. IT IS THE DECISION OF QUETZAL-COATL.
15

FOR US, IN THE LAND OF COMANCHES IN THE NORTH, THE SACRIFICES TO THE GODS ARE IN THE FORM OF GIFTS GIVEN TO THE POOREST AMONG US
DO THE BIRDS GIVE GIFTS?
I AM NOT A BIRD.
YOU ARE A GREAT MAGICIAN, THEN... OR A GOD.
I AM NEITHER. BE PATIENT... YOU WILL LEARN SOON ENOUGH. AND YOU? YOU ARE NOT FROM THIS PLACE?
WHY DID YOU SAVE MY LIFE, BROTHER BIRD?
16

I AM A MAYAN FROM THE NATION THAT LIES TO THE SOUTH OF THE TOLTECS.
AND ARE YOUR PEOPLE AS RICH AND BARBARIC AS THOSE TOLTECS WHO NEARLY TOOK YOUR LIFE?
OH, NO! THE MAYANS DO NOT GIVE THEMSELVES OVER TO SUCH CRUEL RITES...EXCEPT SOMETIMES IN VERY EXCEPTIONAL CASES... LIKE A GREAT CALAMITY.
OH!... LOOK THERE!... ON THE CLIFF!
DO YOU SEE?... THAT GROUP OF WARRIORS, ARMED AND READY FOR BATTLE? THEY'RE HUNTING FOR HUMAN VICTIMS. IT WAS A TROOP LIKE THAT THAT CAPTURED ME AND FORCIBLY TOOK ME FAR FROM MY HOME.
17
WHAT IRONY! THE FATE THAT THE TOLTECS FORCE ON OTHERS WILL SOON BE VISITED ON THEM BY THE CHICHIMEQUES AND NAHUATLES.

I'M SORRY THAT I HAVE NO MEAT TO OFFER YOU. I HAVE CORN . BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT AN EAGLE DOESN'T LIKE CORN. SO PLEASE EXCUSE ME FOR NOT SHARING WITH YOU
BUT WE ARE GOING TO SHARE... AND I LOVE CORN... AND, SINCE MY PRESENT FORM IS NO LONGER OF ANY BENEFIT, I WILL REVERT TO MY TRUE APPEARANCES YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS, DIDN'T YOU? LOOK!

LOOK!

18

OOH!.. YOU..YOU ARE A GODDESS!
NOT AT ALL! LISTEN TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME...
AND..
SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR BROTHER WHO WENT LOOKING FOR A GOD NAMED KUKAR.. AND YOU'VE GOTTEN HERE WITH THE AID OF A GREAT SHAMAN
YES. ..AND I'M AFRAID THAT YOU CAN'T HELP ME GET WHAT I WANT.
I AM NOT SO SURE. THERE IS, AT MY HOME IN THE CITY OF CHICHEN ITZA, A VERY IMPORTANT GOD BY THE NAME OF KUKULKAR. HE IS, FOR US, THE CREATOR OF THE ARTS, CIVILIZATION, AND PEACE.
WHAT? IS IT POSSIBLE THAT KUKULKAR AND KUKAR ARE THE SAME GOD, THE NAME GARBLED AND CHANGED BY TIME AND DISTANCE?
THE EAGLE HAS GONE. WE CAN APPROACH NOW.
NO... LET'S WAIT UNTIL THEY ARE ASLEEP. HE ALONE MUST DIE!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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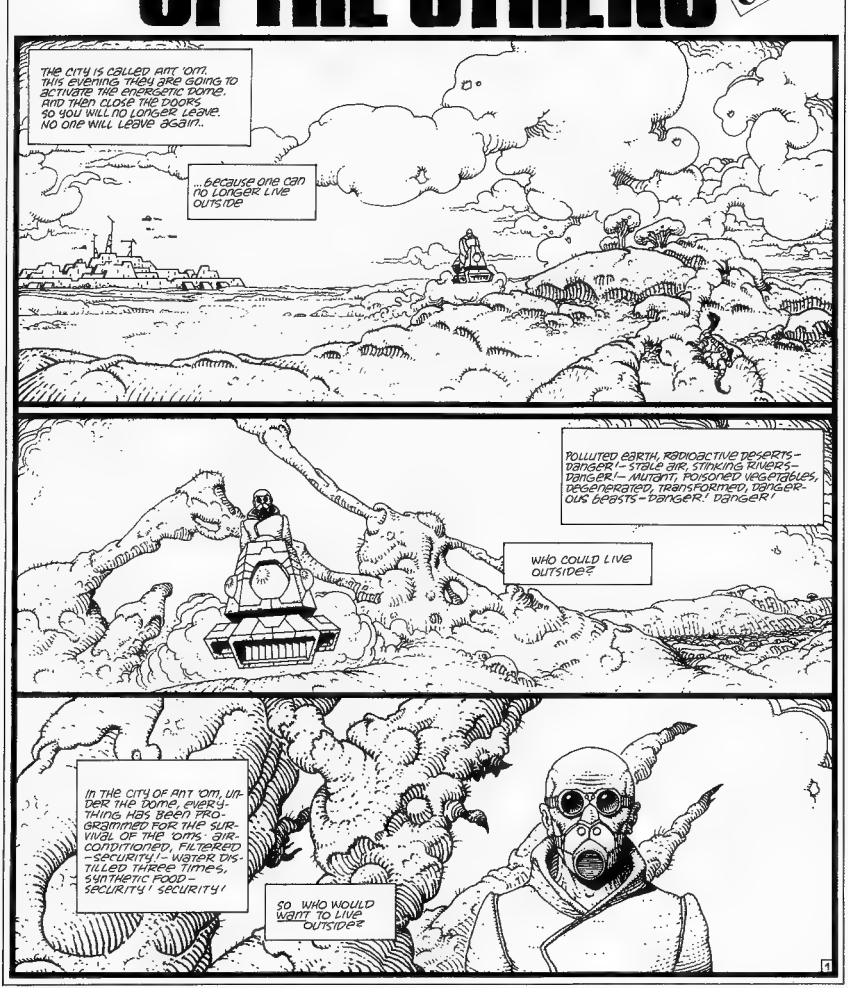
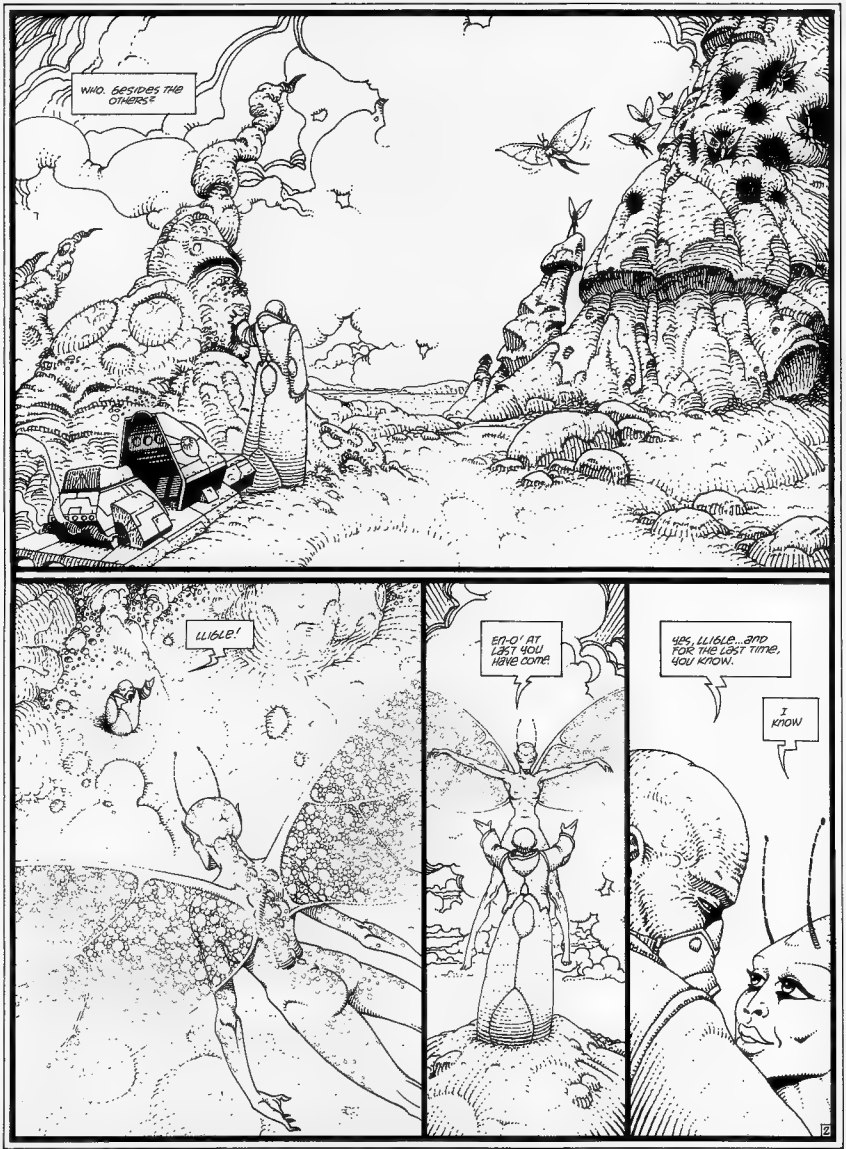
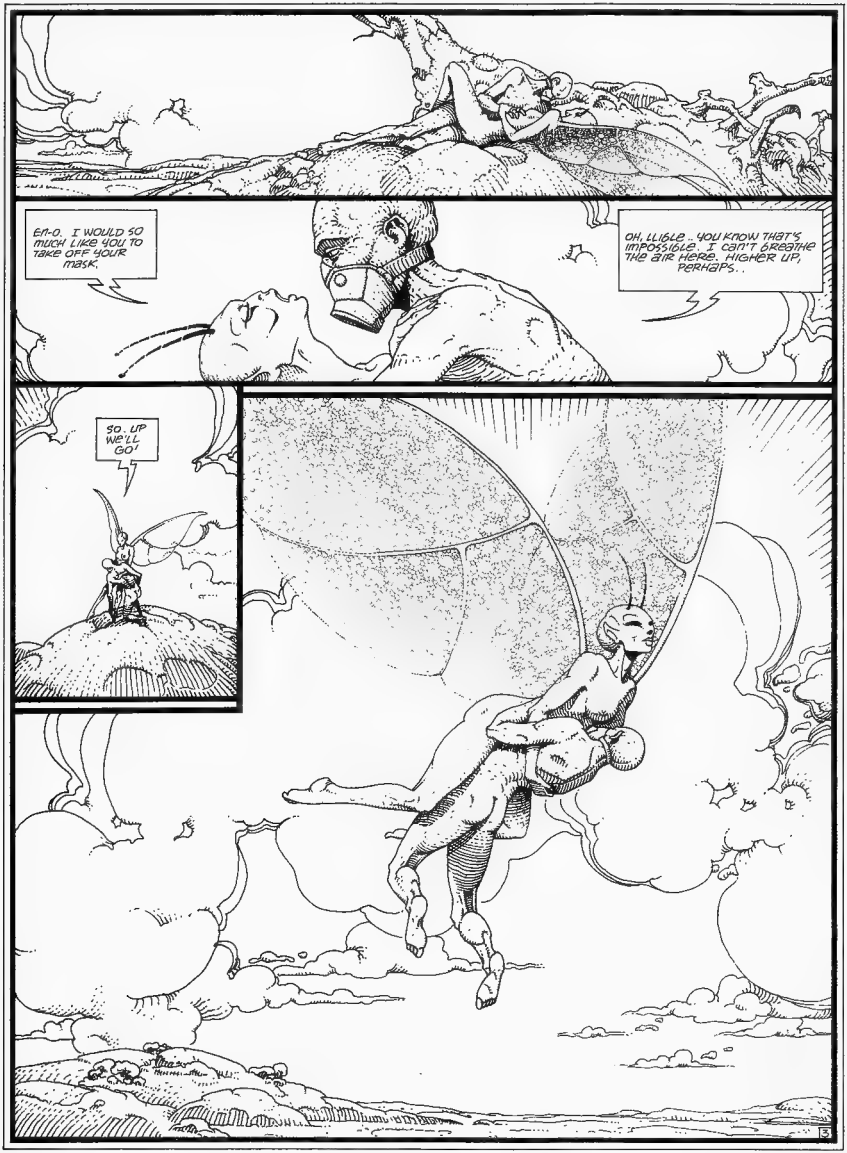
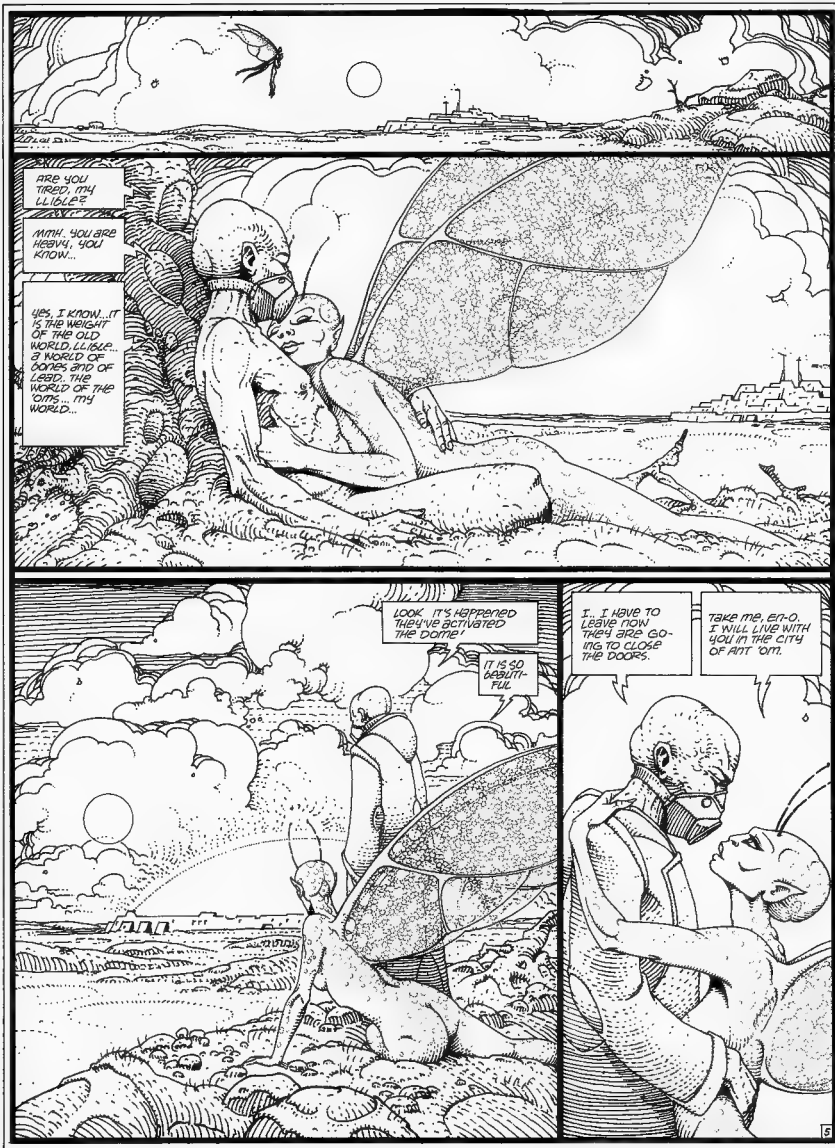
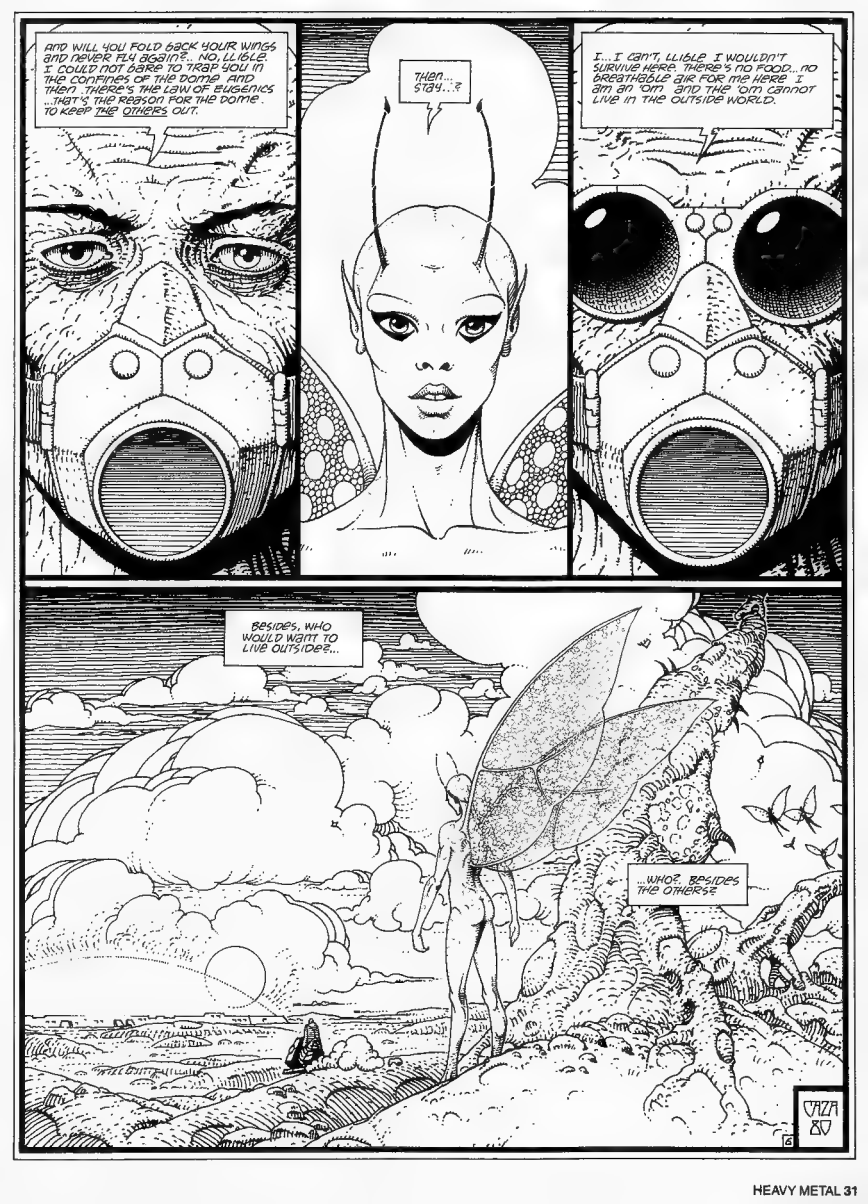
WINGS OF THE OTHERS


THE CITY IS CALLED ANT 'OM. THIS EVENING THEY ARE GOING TO ACTIVATE THE ENERGETIC DOME. AND THEN CLOSE THE DOORS. SO YOU WILL NO LONGER LEAVE. NO ONE WILL LEAVE AGAIN..
...BECAUSE ONE CAN NO LONGER LIVE OUTSIDE
POLLUTED EARTH, RADIOACTIVE DESERTS - DANGER! - STALE AIR, STINKING RIVERS - DANGER! - MUTANT, POISONED VEGETABLES, DEGENERATED, TRANSFORMED, DANGEROUS BEASTS - DANGER! DANGER!
WHO COULD LIVE OUTSIDE?
IN THE CITY OF ANT 'OM, UNDER THE DOME, EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR THE SURVIVAL OF THE 'OMS. AIR-CONDITIONED, FILTERED - SECURITY! - WATER DISTILLED THREE TIMES, SYNTHETIC FOOD - SECURITY! SECURITY!
SO WHO WOULD WANT TO LIVE OUTSIDE?
1


WHO, BESIDES THE OTHERS?
LLIGLE!
EN-O! AT LAST YOU HAVE COME.
YES, LLIGLE...AND FOR THE LAST TIME, YOU KNOW.
I KNOW

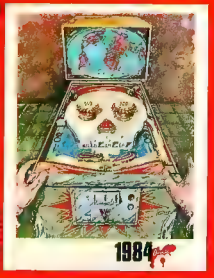

EH-O. I WOULD SO MUCH LIKE YOU TO TAKE OFF YOUR MASK.
OH, LLIGLE. YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I CAN'T BREATHE THE AIR HERE. HIGHER UP, PERHAPS..
SO. UP WE'LL GO!
5


ARE YOU TIRED, MY LI'LBLE?
MMH. YOU ARE HEAVY, YOU KNOW...
YES, I KNOW...IT IS THE WEIGHT OF THE OLD WORLD, LI'LBLE... A WORLD OF DOMES AND OF LEAD. THE WORLD OF THE 'OMS... MY WORLD...
LOOK. IT'S HAPPENED. THEY'VE ACTIVATED THE DOME!
IT IS SO BARUTIFUL.
I.. I HAVE TO LEAVE NOW. THEY ARE GOING TO CLOSE THE DOORS.
TAKE ME, EN-O. I WILL LIVE WITH YOU IN THE CITY OF ANT 'OM.
5


AND WILL YOU FOLD BACK YOUR WINGS AND NEVER FLY AGAIN?.. NO, LILIBLE. I COULD NOT BARE TO TRAP YOU IN THE CONFINES OF THE DOME AND THEN THERE'S THE LAW OF EUGENICS ..THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE DOME. TO KEEP THE OTHERS OUT.
THEN... STAY..?
I... I CAN'T, LILIBLE. I WOULDN'T SURVIVE HERE. THERE'S NO FOOD.. NO BREATHABLE AIR FOR ME HERE. I AM AN 'OM AND THE 'OM CANNOT LIVE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
BESIDES, WHO WOULD WANT TO LIVE OUTSIDE?..
...WHO?. BESIDES THE OTHERS?
VAZA 80

THIRTEEN ARTISTS ARE WATCHING

"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen."
George Orwell. 1984



BIG BROTHER

In tribute to 1984 by George Orwell, L'Image de L'Art is publishing thirteen posters inspired by this major twentieth century novel.

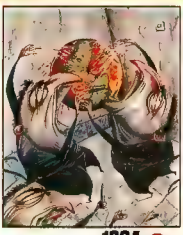
By merging fiction and reality, these artists have interpreted the constant climate of war maintained by world powers who continually force the boundaries of politics.

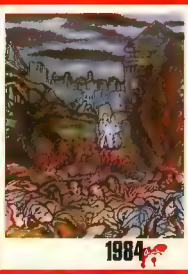
These fine works of art comment on the presence of the military-industrialist force in the nuclear age, reflecting the threats of the fruit modern science.

Order one or all of these posters now. With each sale a contribution will be given to the Union of Pacifists in Quebec, a non-violent movement, to finance their activities.

Suitable for framing, these 17" x 23" posters were printed on gallery-quality paper in full-color. They will be sent to you in indestructible (almost) containers.

1984 Orwell





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Poster (circle your choice or choices)

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$10.00 for each poster ordered
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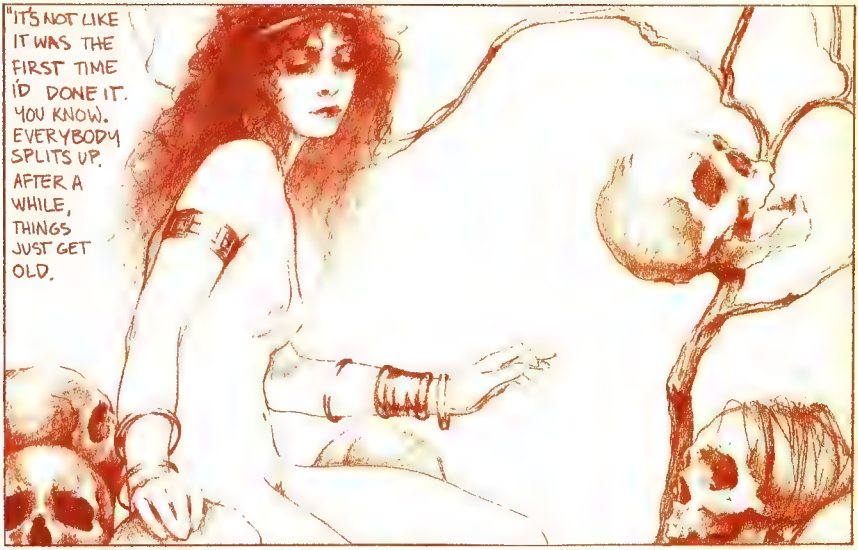
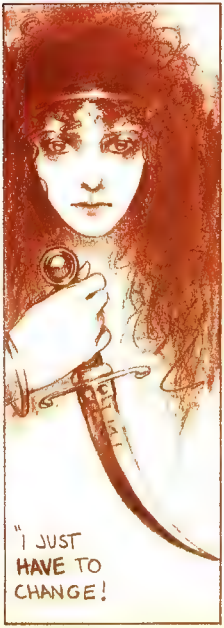
Checks must be payable within the U.S.

If you order the complete series, you will also receive an attractive portfolio case valued at $20.00

SYNCHRONY

DEAR 'MANDA
HI. I GUESS YOU HEARD ABOUT ME AND MICHAEL.
I WAS WITH HIM YESTERDAY WHEN I TOLD HIM.


"IT'S NOT LIKE IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D DONE IT. YOU KNOW. EVERYBODY SPLITS UP. AFTER A WHILE, THINGS JUST GET OLD.


"I JUST HAVE TO CHANGE!

"I SOMETIMES WONDER WHY BOBBY AND THE OTHER GUYS I USED TO DATE DON'T CALL ANYMORE.

"ANYWAY, WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT WAS REALLY WILD.

"I WAS JUST HANGING OUT, YOU KNOW, NOT REALLY PAYING ATTENTION, AND THIS CUTE GUY SHOWS UP.

"WE STARTED TALKING AND HE ASKED WHAT I WAS DOING HERE. HE DOESN'T THINK THIS PLACE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. HE WANTS TO TAKE ME SOMEWHERE ELSE. I KNOW THEY ALL SAY THAT, BUT HE SOUNDS SO SINCERE.

"I'LL LET YOU KNOW HOW THINGS WORK OUT. KEEP IN TOUCH!

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· END ·

The Hunting Party

christin·bilal

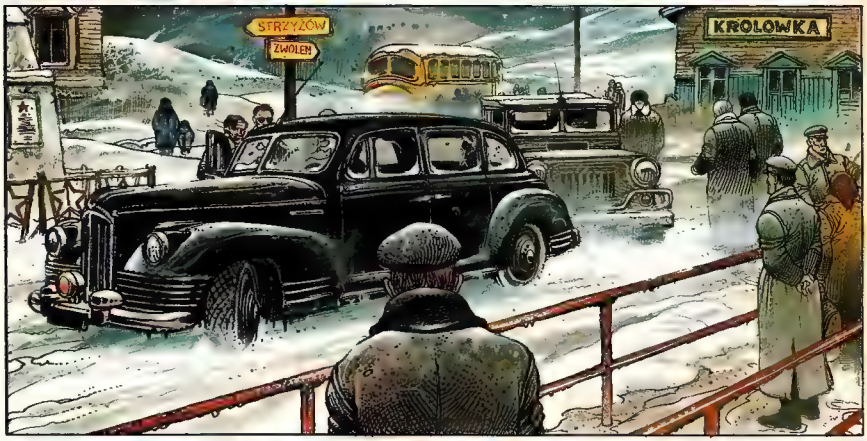
THE SILENT VASSILI ALEXANDROJITCH TCHEVTCHENKO AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAVE ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION AND ARE BEING GREETED BY THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE HUNTING PARTY.

YOU WILL NOT BE OVERWORKED, YOUNG COMRADE ... UNLESS THEY GET MAD AND CLAM TO NOT UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER. THEN THEY'LL CALL US
BAGAZE DO SAMOCHODU!
UH... GOOD

HERE THEY ARE!
THE FIRST IS ION NICOLESCU, A MEMBER OF THE ROMANIAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE POLITICAL POLICE.
BEHIND HIM IS JANOS MOLNAR, VICE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR BUREAU IN BUDAPEST.
LET'S GO TO THE CARS, MY FRIENDS. COMRADE VASILI ALEXANDROVITCH IS WAITING FOR US.
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE THE LAST TIME WE MET? I BELIEVE IT WAS AT THE HUNT IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.
INDEED.
WHAT'S HAPPENING OVER THERE?
LET ME GO!
KIM JEST TEN MĘŻCZYZNA? CZEGO ON CHCE?
TO JEST FRANCUZ TWIERDZI ŻE JEST TURISTĄ... WYDAJE NAM SIĘ PODEJRZANY.

IT'S A TOURIST... HE CLAIMS TO BE FRENCH.
TOURIST. HAH! THE GENERAL WANTS NO SPIES HERE!
IF HE IS A FRENCH TOURIST, PERHAPS I--

YOU WILL NOT DO ANYTHING. YOU ARE AN INTERPRETER, NOT A TOUR GUIDE. GO GET IN THE JEEP WE'RE LEAVING!

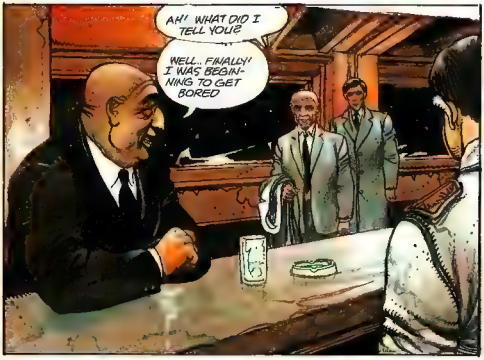

STRZYLOW
ZWOLEN
KROLOWKA

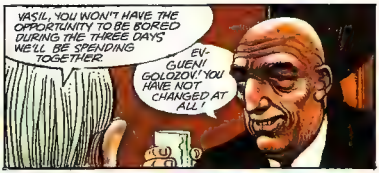
...UH... HAS THE GENERAL KNOWN THE PARTICIPANTS IN THIS HUNTING PARTY FOR A LONG TIME?
OH, YES... YES! THEY ARE ALL OLD FRIENDS!

AND THIS TADEUSZ?
A MAN OF GREAT HUMOR. YOU'LL SEE. A LITTLE STRANGE... ESPECIALLY SINCE HIS RETIREMENT... BUT HE HAS A SUPERIOR MIND.
19

WHAT DID HE DO BEFORE RETIRING? HIS NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR TO ME.
IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE THAT YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM. HE BECAME VERY IMPORTANT AFTER THE WAR.
AND...UH... HE IS JEWISH, ISN'T HE?
YES. AND IT'S TOO BAD FOR HIM. SOME VERY SAD THINGS HAPPENED IN 1967 AND POLAND LOST ONE OF ITS MOST ABLE STATESMEN...
...BUT THE RESIDENCE THAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU HAS CERTAINLY GAINED ITS BEST MANAGER.
AH!
POLOWANIE ZABRONIONE
WSTEP WZBRONIONY
DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL LEARN A LOT QUICKLY. OUR COMRADE TADEUSZ HAS BECOME VERY TALKATIVE SINCE HE NO LONGER HAS ANY PRESSING POLITICAL RESPONSIBILITIES.
AND YOU, EVGUENI... YOU STILL HAVE AS SHARP A TONGUE AS EVER.
RATHER THAN GOSSIPING, WHY DON'T YOU GO FIND OLD VASILZ HE'S ALREADY ON THE PREMISES AND MUST BE WAITING FOR YOU. I WOULD LOOK FOR HIM NEAR THE BAR.

YOUR YOUNG PROTEGE CAN FAMILIARIZE HIMSELF WITH THE PLACE, NOW, PLEASE EXCUSE ME. I MUST SHOW THE NEW ARRIVALS TO THEIR ROOMS.
I WILL SPEAK TO YOU LATER, TADEUSZ.
COME. FOLLOW ME
IT'S MAGNIFICENT!
AH, YES. . .THE DECADENT AND EXPLOITATIVE ARISTOCRACY DIDN'T NECESSARILY HAVE BAD TASTE IN THIS COUNTRY.
THEY WERE INTERESTED IN THE ARTS, AS YOU CAN SEE...
. . .AND IN THE SCIENCES. I THINK THE ENTRANCE TO THE OBSERVATORY IS THIS WAY.
I BELIEVE I'M GETTING AN IDEA OF WHERE WE MIGHT FIND OUR FRIEND VASIL STROYANOV. TADEUSZ WAS PROBABLY RIGHT...
. . .I'LL BET YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT, COMRADE, THAT HE IS ALREADY LEANING ON HIS ELBOWS AT THE AMERICAN-STYLE BAR


AH! WHAT DID I TELL YOU!
WELL... FINALLY! I WAS BEGINNING TO GET BORED


VASIL, YOU WON'T HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE BORED DURING THE THREE DAYS WE'LL BE SPENDING TOGETHER.
EVGUEN! GOLOZOV! YOU HAVE NOT CHANGED AT ALL!

HA! NEITHER HAVE YOU, VASIL...

NOW, TADEUSZ... WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
THEY ARE COMING, VASIL...

AH! VASILI ALEXANDROVITCH!

...THEIR BAGGAGE WENT... UH... ASTRAY. YOU KNOW VERY WELL HOW SUCH THINGS CAN HAPPEN. SIGH! SERVICE IS JUST NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

BAH!.. THESE PEOPLE DON'T LIKE US ANY MORE THAN THEY LIKED THEIR FORMER MASTERS.
ACTUALLY, THEY LIKE US LESS. I SUSPECT THEY FIND US MUCH LESS... REFINED!

STILL IN FINE FORM, EH, MY FRIEND?
22

WELL, TADEUSZ, WHAT IS THE PROGRAM?
I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING...AH, AMUSING. COME WITH ME.
I PROPOSE THAT, WHILE AWAITING PAVEL, WHO'S ON HIS WAY HERE, YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO THE OUTBUILDINGS.
THE OUTBUILDINGS? WHY?
STRAJK
I HAVE DEVOTED MY FORCED LEISURE TIME TO REDOING THE FALCON HOUSE OF THE SOCIAL PARASITE WHO FORMERLY OCCUPIED THESE ACRES.
YOU KNOW THAT I DON'T LIKE GUNS...
...BUT THERE'S A CERTAIN THRILL TO HUNTING—AND KILLING—VICARIOUSLY, THROUGH THESE BIRDS.
YES. I SEE
ANYWAY, THE WORK IS ALL FINISHED AND MY BIRDS ARE IN SHAPE. I'LL GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION.
23

THIS IS KARL, MY MOST INTELLIGENT, HIGH-FLYING FALCON!
HIS HEART MAY BE A BIT VAIN BUT KARL IS A FIGHTER!
KARL? WHY "KARL"?
MERELY A TRIBUTE, MY DEAR NICOLESCU... BROUGHT ON BY MY MEMORIES OF THE THEORETICAL READINGS OF MY YOUTH. THEN, "DAS KAPITAL" WAS MY BIBLE. YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, I'M SURE WHEN YOU SEE HIM STALK A CROW.
IMAGINE! GIVING THE NAME OF OUR FOUNDING FATHER TO A... HA!... A BIRD!
RUSZAJ!
3A
2A

TO BE CONTINUED...

HM's STAR DISSECTIONS

©1984 DREW FRIEDMAN

WALLOWING IN THEIR WACKY DESPAIR...

LAUGH MAKERS

IN HIS FINAL YEAR OF LIFE, JACKIE COOGAN WANDERED THROUGH CEMETERIES IN SEARCH OF PAST GLORIES

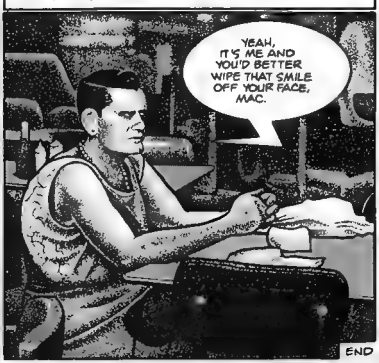
IN THE FALL OF '73, JOE E. BROWN FILLED HIS BEVERLY HILLS POOL WITH BOWEL MOVEMENTS

SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH, BERT LAHR'S BEHAVIOR BECAME ERRATIC.

CARTOON DIRECTOR PAUL J. SMITH SPEAKS OF HIS ERSTWHILE COMPETITION.

THE WPIX-TV YULE LOG IS A BELOVED TRADITION IN THE HOME OF SPORTS-CASTER WARNER WOLF'S FATHER, COMIC SAMMY WOLF

AFTER HIS RETIREMENT FROM "BEWITCHED," DICK YORK WAS OFTEN SPOTTED IN STRANGE ATTIRE.



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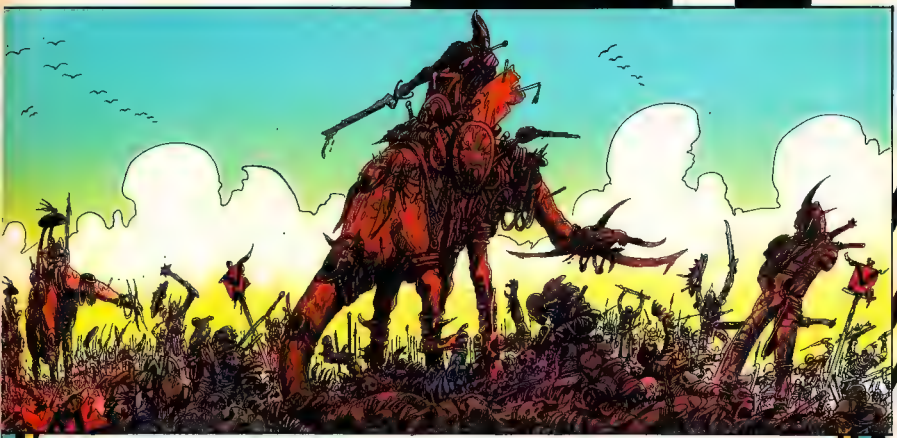


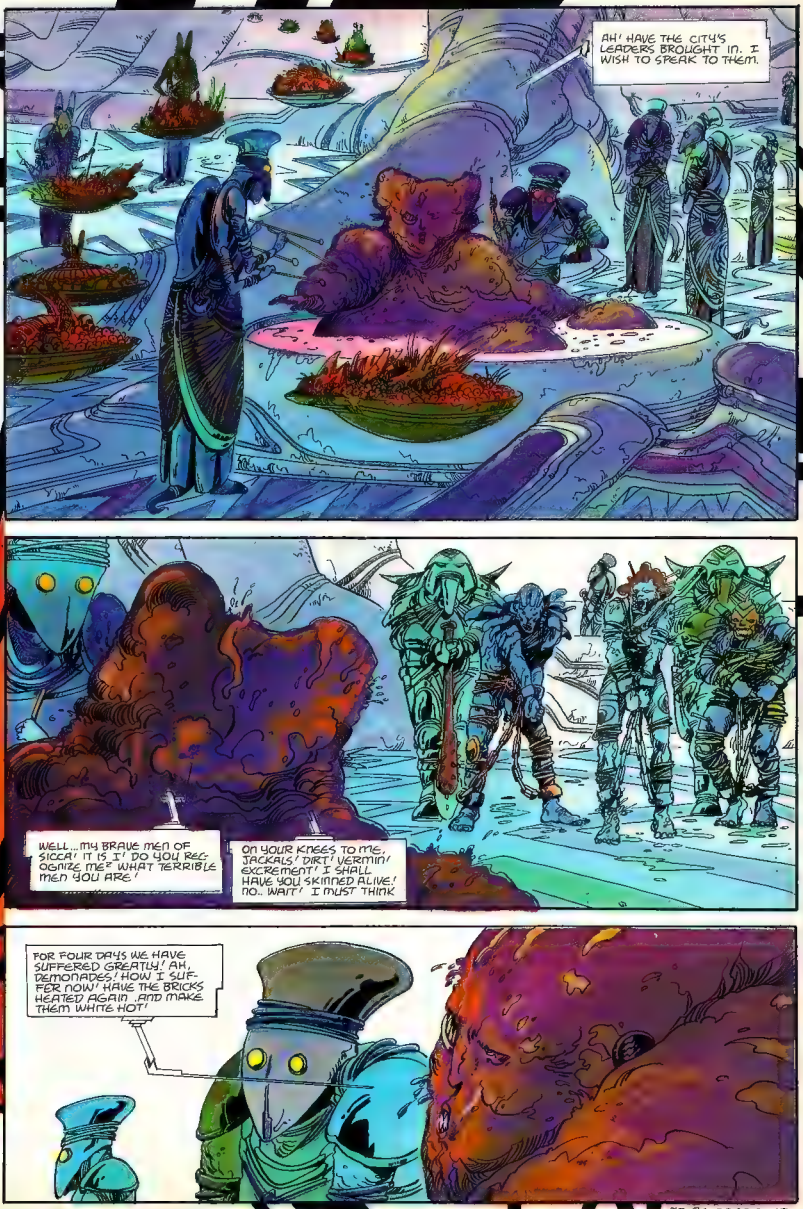
THE DUST AROUND THEM FELL AND THEY BEGAN TO SING. WHEN HANNON HIMSELF APPEARED, SITTING ATOP AN ELEPHANT; HE WAS BARE-HEADED UNDER A PARASOL WHICH A NEGRO, BEHIND HIM, CARRIED. HIS NECKLACE OF BLUE RESTED ON THE FLOWERS OF HIS BLACK TUNIC. STRINGS OF DIAMONDS ENCIRCLED HIS ENORMOUS ARMS. HE BRANDISHED A LARGE PIKE WHICH FANNED OUT AT THE END LIKE A LOTUS AND SHINED MORE BRILLIANTLY THAN A MIRROR. AT THAT MOMENT, THE EARTH SHOOK--AND THE BARBARIANS SAW ALL THE ELEPHANTS OF CARTHAGE CHARGING AT FULL FORCE.

SALAMMBÔ

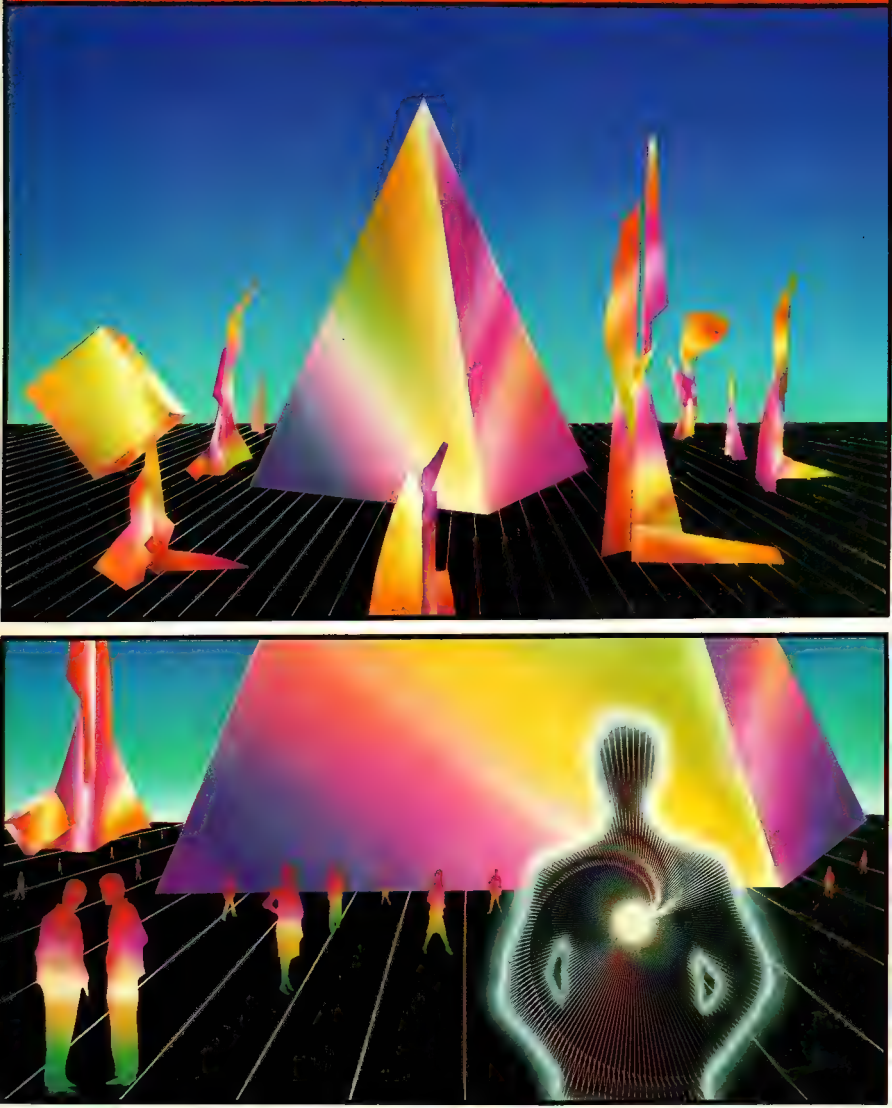
BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
ADAPTED FROM
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S
SALAMMBÔ

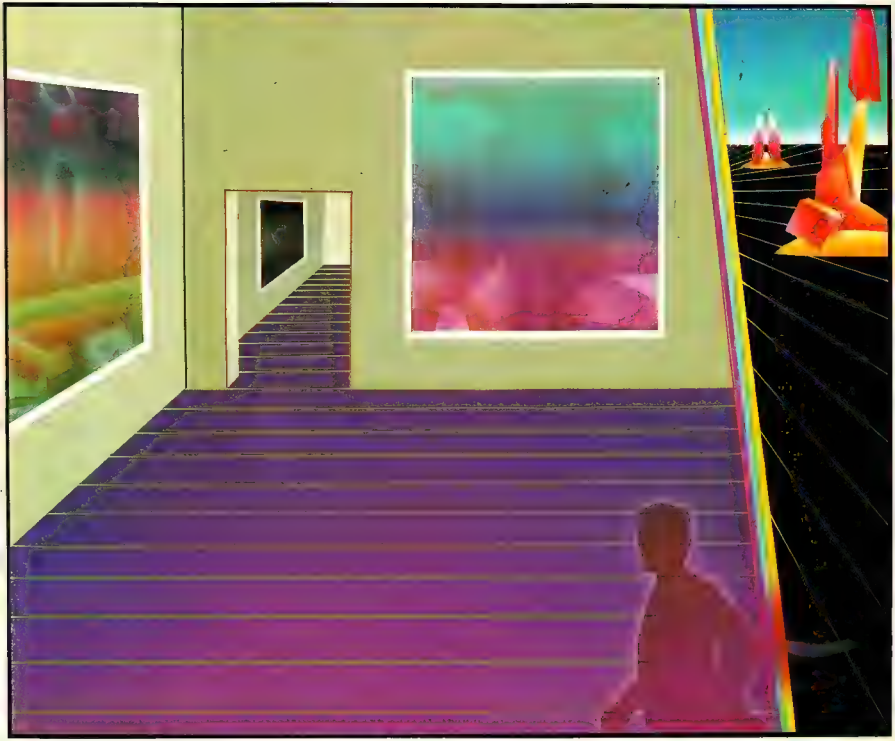
FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWERS, JAVELINS, ARROWS, FIRE-DARTS, AND HOT LEAD WERE USED AGAINST THEM. SOME WHO TRIED TO CLIMB OVER THE TOWERS HAD THEIR HANDS HACKED AWAY BY CUTLASSES. THEY FELL BACKWARDS ON-TO THEIR COMRADES' BLADES. THE TOO-WEAK PIKES BROKE. ELEPHANTS WENT INTO THE PHALANXES LIKE BOARS INTO TUFTS OF GRASS. THEY TORE OUT THE STAKES OF THE CAMP WITH THEIR TRUNKS AND CROSSED FROM ONE END TO ANOTHER, WHILE TURNING THE TENTS UNDER THEIR BREASTS UPSIDE-DOWN. ALL OF THE BARBARIANS HAD FLED TO THE HILLS WHICH BORDERED THE VALLEY FROM WHENCE THE CARTHAGINIANS HAD COME

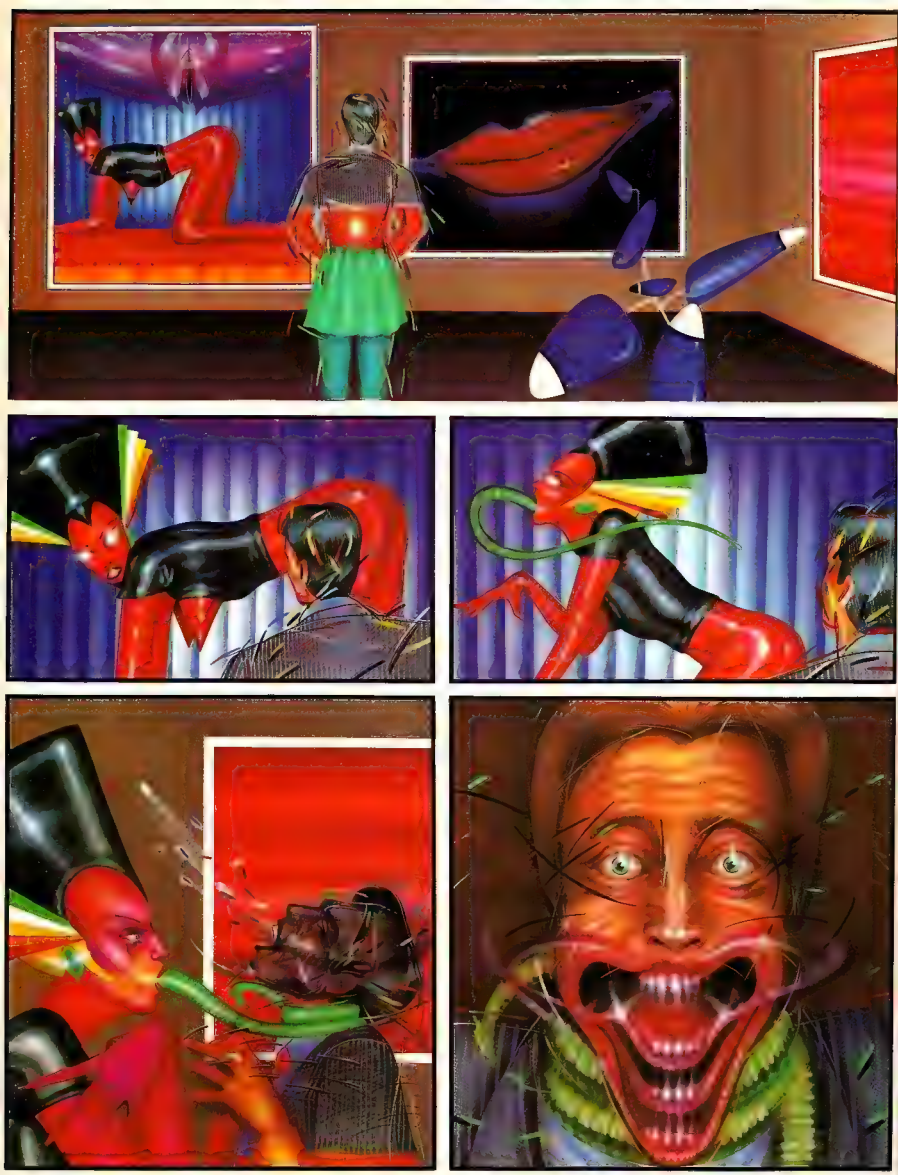
HANNO THE CONQUEROR PRESENTED HIMSELF BEFORE THE GATES OF UTICA. HE SOUNDED THE TRUMPETS. THREE JUDGES FROM THE CITY APPEARED AT THE SUMMIT OF A TOWER IN AN OPENING OF THE BATTLEMENTS. THE MEN OF UTICA DIDN'T WANT TO RECEIVE SUCH WELL-ARMED GUESTS. HANNO LOST HIS TEMPER. FINALLY THEY CONSENTED TO ADMIT HANNO AND A SMALL ESCORT. THE STREETS WERE FOUND TO BE TOO NARROW FOR ELEPHANTS AND THE CREATURES WERE LEFT BEHIND. AS SOON AS THE SUFFETE WAS IN THE CITY, THE NOTABLES CAME TO GREET HIM. HE WAS IN THE BATHS, SPEAKING WITH COOKS ABOUT THE FOOD NEEDED FOR A CELEBRATION OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

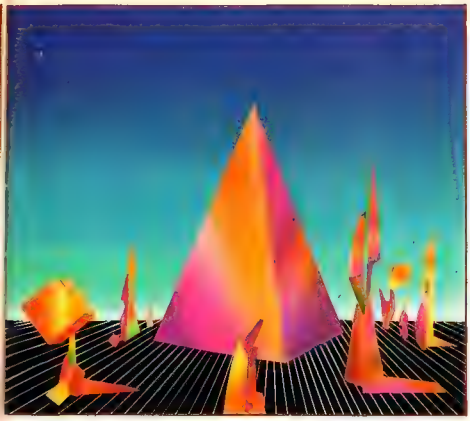

AH! HAVE THE CITY'S LEADERS BROUGHT IN. I WISH TO SPEAK TO THEM.
WELL...MY BRAVE MEN OF SICCA! IT IS I! DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME? WHAT TERRIBLE MEN YOU ARE!
ON YOUR KNEES TO ME, JACKALS! DIRT! VERMIN! EXCREMENT! I SHALL HAVE YOU SKINNED ALIVE! NO.. WAIT! I MUST THINK
FOR FOUR DAYS WE HAVE SUFFERED GREATLY! AH, DEMONADES! HOW I SUFFER NOW! HAVE THE BRICKS HEATED AGAIN ..AND MAKE THEM WHITE HOT!
TO BE CONTINUED...

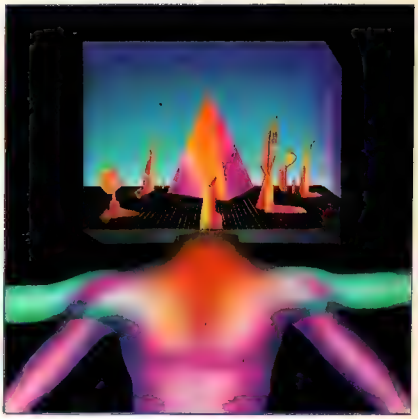
THE LIBERATOR BY HERIKBERTO











PRESENTING...TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT...

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM COLLECTOR'S ISSUES DISAPPEAR FAST! ORDER YOURS NOW!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AH, BUT IT'S TRUE, MY DEAR!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND...
AND...
...AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Clavelous, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life In the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Clavelous, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted

White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Black's vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York", and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

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THE SANDWICH HORROR

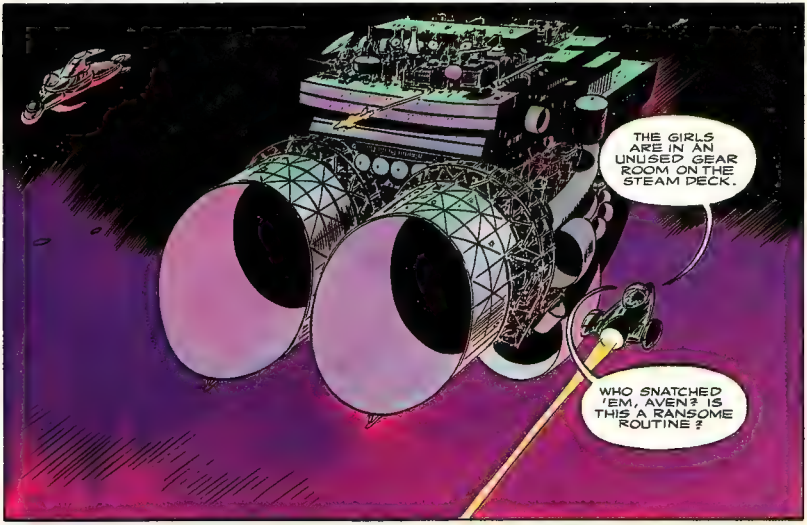
©1984 Nicola Cuti

TRAVELERS TO CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS, TAKE HEED. IF YOU MAKE THE WRONG TURN AT AYLESBURY PIKE, AND DRIVE INTO THE QUAINT VILLAGE OF DUNWICH, DO NOT TARRY AT ***WHATELEY'S DINER!*** THE PRICES ARE HIGH, AND THE FOOD——

DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE A *TURKEY CLUB* SANDWICH?!!
I *DIDN'T* MAKE IT... MAYBE MAH *BRUTHAH*—
—*WASN'T* ME, WILBAH. THAH *NEW COOK* MADE IT. SEEMED TAH KNOW HIS SANDWICHES.

LANN

ORBITING ABOVE NEON SIX IS THE MAMMOTH ANODE DREDGE, HIDING PLACE OF THE KENTON TWINS.

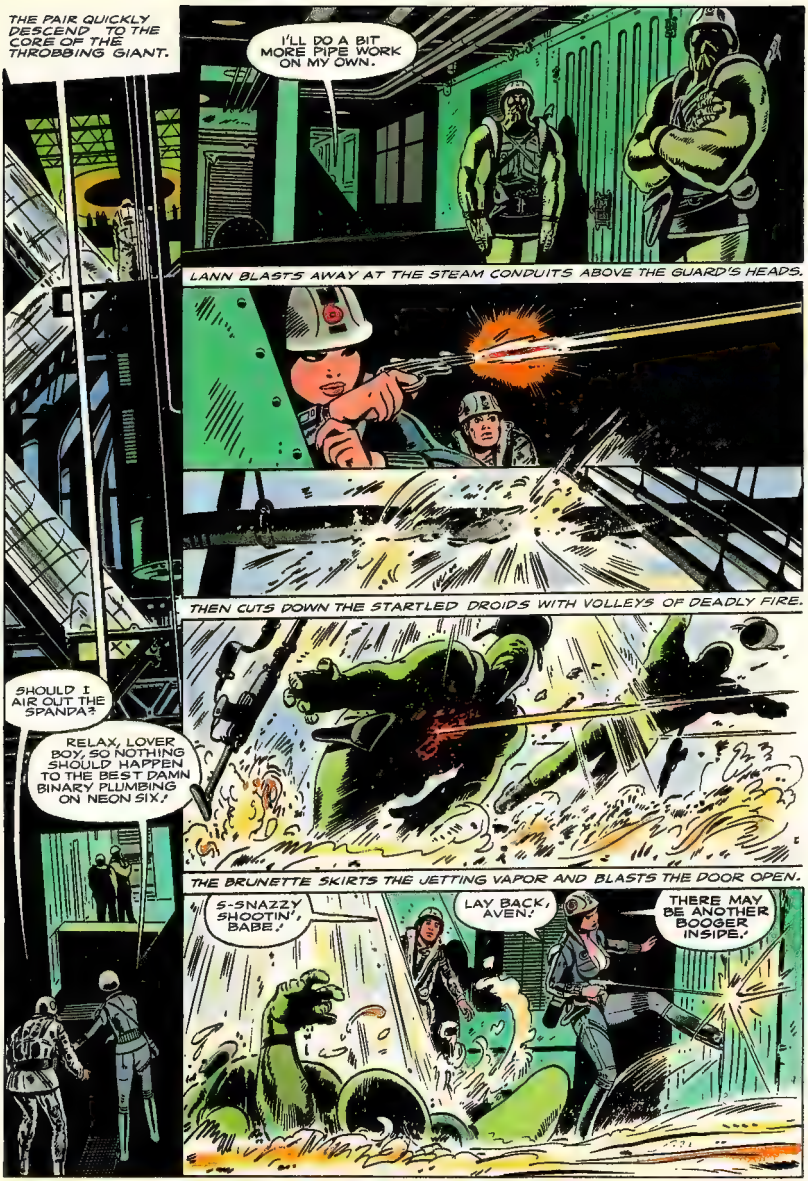


THE DREDGE SUCKS IN RARE IONIZED METALS LIKE A GIGANTIC MAGNESIUM BALEEN WHALE.

A PAIR OF PSI DROIDS GRABBED US LEAVING MY CLUB AND SHANGHAIED US TO THIS BARGE.
BEATS ME WHO WROTE THE CONTRACT, OR WHY.
LANN, THESE DROIDS ARE CENTAURI REJECTS. THEY PROBABLY THINK I'M STILL STASHED WITH LONI AND LISA.
WHY DIDN'T THE GIRLS COP OUT THROUGH THE VENT WITH YOU?
NEON
YOU'LL SEE!

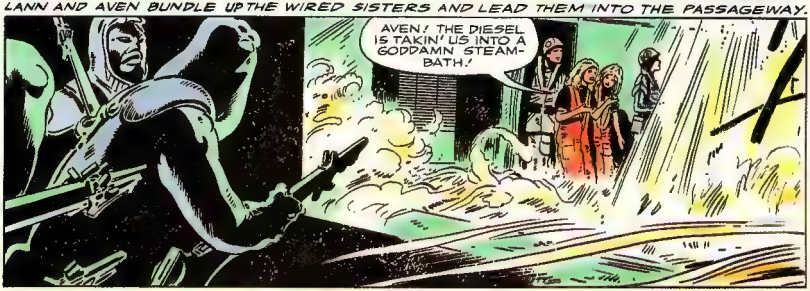
AS LANN AND AVEN THE GEMINID LEAVE THE PORTAL, A DARK LASER SLED IS CLEARED FOR LANDING.

BY FRANK THORNE


THE PAIR QUICKLY DESCEND TO THE CORE OF THE THROBBING GIANT.
I'LL DO A BIT MORE PIPE WORK ON MY OWN.
LANN BLASTS AWAY AT THE STEAM CONDUITS ABOVE THE GUARD'S HEADS.
THEN CUTS DOWN THE STARTLED DROIDS WITH VOLLEYS OF DEADLY FIRE.
SHOULD I AIR OUT THE SPANDA?
RELAX, LOVER BOY, SO NOTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE BEST DAMN BINARY PLUMBING ON NEON SIX.
THE BRUNETTE SKIRTS THE JETTING VAPOR AND BLASTS THE DOOR OPEN.
S-SNAZZY SHOOTIN', BABE.
LAY BACK, AVEN.
THERE MAY BE ANOTHER BOOGER INSIDE.

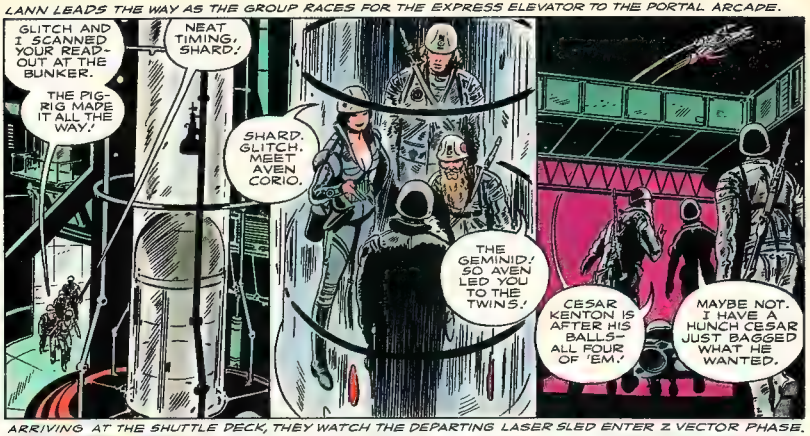
AVEN, BABY! ALLLL RIGHT.
FUCKIN' FREAKY.! AVEN, WHERE Y' BEEN?
WHO'S THE DIESEL WITH THE GUN?
SHE AIN'T A NARC, IS SHE, AVEN?
LADY! THIS IS AMAZIN' AVEN! HE'S GOT TWO COCKS!
ONE'S GOTTA CURVE IN IT!
PARDON, MA'AM, SHE MEANS PENISES.
DON'T BE SO FUCKIN' CRUDE, LONI!
GOT ANYTHING FOR TH' HEAD, AVEN?
WE GOTTA KEEP ON FUCKIN' FLYIN'!
♫♫ UP IN TH' AIR JUNIOR BIRD-MEN! ♫
HEY, AVEN! WANNA JUMP MY BONES?
AVEN'S GETTIN' HARD!
THEY BOTH FIRE AT ONCE, YA KNOW!
I KNOW.
AIN'T IT OUT-RAGEOUS!
"FUCKIN' FREAKY."
NOW LET'S ALL GET DRESSED AND BEAT IT!

LANN AND AVEN BUNDLE UP THE WIRED SISTERS AND LEAD THEM INTO THE PASSAGEWAY.



THE SCALDING MIST IS SUDDENLY SET AGLOW WITH LETHAL FLUORESCENT ARGON LASER BURSTS.
LISA! THIS AIN'T A STEAM ROOM! IT'S A WET DISCO! FAN-FUCKING-TASTIC!
OK, DANGLES! NOW AIR OUT YOUR SPANDA!
THERE'S FOUR OF 'EM!
AND THEY'VE GOT OUR BUTTS TO THE WALL!
AMID THE BLISTERING EXCHANGE, TWO OF THE ASSAILANTS ARE NEATLY CUT DOWN FROM BEHIND.
THEN, CHAOS GIVES WAY TO CALM IN THE STINGING CLOUD AS LANN RECOGNIZES HER RESCUERS.
SHARD! GLITCH! WATCH IT!
THERE ARE TWO MORE OF THE CREEPS SOMEWHERE IN THIS PEA SOUP!
DON'T SEE 'EM. THEY MUST'VE SPLIT!
WHERE ARE LONI AND LISA?
C'MON!

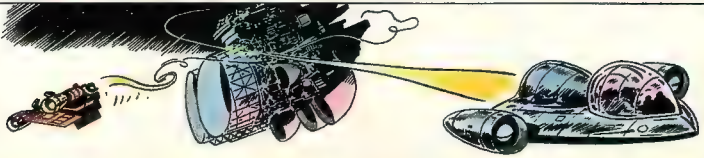
LANN LEADS THE WAY AS THE GROUP RACES FOR THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR TO THE PORTAL ARCADE.


GLITCH AND I SCANNED YOUR READ-OUT AT THE BUNKER.
NEAT TIMING, SHARD.
THE PIG-RIG MADE IT ALL THE WAY.
SHARD. GLITCH. MEET AVEN CORIO.
THE GEMINID. SO AVEN LED YOU TO THE TWINS.
CESAR KENTON IS AFTER HIS BALLS— ALL FOUR OF 'EM.
MAYBE NOT. I HAVE A HUNCH CESAR JUST BAGGED WHAT HE WANTED.

ARRIVING AT THE SHUTTLE DECK, THEY WATCH THE DEPARTING LASER SLED ENTER Z VECTOR PHASE.

SAY BYE BYE TO THE FLAKY FLOOZIES.
THERE'S NOTHING THAT'LL CATCH THAT BIRD.
WHO WERE THEY?
LET'S CHECK THOSE DEAD GOONS ON THE STEAM LEVEL.
HQ. GIVES US A NEGATIVE DATASCAN ON THE OFFED DROIDS.
THEY WANT CORIO SAFE IN ALTAIR-MAIN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
AND I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM BOONDOCK DUTY.
SHARD, I'LL PUSH YOUR APPLICATION FOR RETRO-GEN.
AND TOSS A FEW DOWN AT LE PORE'S, JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

AS SHARD'S HUNKER SPUTTERS BACK TOWARD PORT NEON, LANN AND AVEN STREAK WESTWARD.



EVEN AT SKIMMER SPEED, THE TRIP IS LONG TO ALTAIR-MAIN, AT THE EPICENTER OF SYSTEM L-2EX.
AVEN, WELCOME BACK TO THE GANGLION!
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.
THE GREAT METROPOLIS, LANN'S HOME BASE, IS THE SHIMMERING COSMIC EGG OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY.
SHARD AND I HAVE KEPT THIS APARTMENT FOR YEARS. THAT'S C.I. HEADQUARTERS ACROSS THE PARK.
I DON'T PLAN TO DROP YOU THERE UNTIL THE A.M.
NEAT! LET'S DUDE UP AN' CRUISE!
LOVER BOY, YOU'RE SURE LOOKIN' GOOD IN SHARD'S DENIM.
TELL ME ABOUT IT. I'M SURE USIN' HIS STUFF.
AFTER THE WHIRL OF NIGHTLIFE, LANN AND AVEN CONTINUE TO CELEBRATE HER REJUVENATION.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SHARD'S STUFF?
VINTAGE LIQUIFIED VELVET IN A NEW BOTTLE!
GOD... AVEN! DON'T STOP... EVER!
TELL ME YOU LOVE ME!
LOVE Y'... BABE...

ALTAIR'S EARLY MORNING RAYS GENTLY AROUSE LANN FROM THE DOZY AFTERGLOW OF ECSTASY.

"VELVET LADY: I'VE GONE TO BUY YOU A GIFT. MEET YOU ON FRONT STEPS OF HQ. AT TEN A.M. MUCH LOVE, AVEN."

SHE ARRIVES AT HEADQUARTERS BEARING A FUCHSIA BLOSSOM, SYMBOL OF PASSION'S IDYLL.

NOON PASSES. NO AVEN. NO ANSWER AT HER APARTMENT. THEN, LANN ENTERS THE BUILDING.

AGENT MARIN, NG, REQUESTS USE OF AERIAL SCAN SYSTEM.

BOOTH TWO, ON YOUR LEFT.

CORIO IS WEARING SHARD'S ENCODED CLOTHING.

PROGRAM A-71 4B7. SEARCH, LITTLE PEEPER, SHOW ME WHERE HE IS...

CIRCUMSPECT AS A BIRD IN FLIGHT, THE TINY ORB FLITS EASTWARD, BETWEEN THE SILVER TOWERS.

THE SPHERE HOMES IN ON THE WINDOW OF A DINGY THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT NEAR CENTER CITY.
THE COMPUTER ENHANCED SOUND-IMAGE VIDEO FLICKERS ON THE SCREEN.
THE ASS--
SHE WATCHES LONG AND INTENSELY. THE VOICES STING LIKE SEETHING ACID.
--HOLE.
WITH PAINFUL BITS OF MOCKING DIALOGUE ECHOING IN HER BRAIN, SHE STALKS OUT OF THE BOOTH.
WITHIN THE HOUR, LANN FEEDS C.I. SCAN AVEN'S POSITION, PACKS UP, AND IS OFF TO NEON SIX.
TO BE CONTINUED..

The Softwear of *Heavy Metal*

☐ Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50.**

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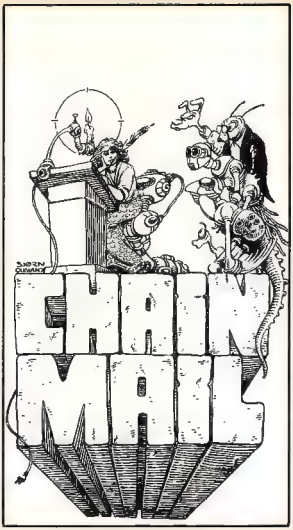
All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?



Hi Heavybody:

For ages I've wanted to write you, but somehow never got the nerve. The March issue's Chain Mail, however, really gave me the cramps, and I couldn't resist commenting on the letter from Mr. B. D. François (bad joke) from Paris, France.

Like every "Parisien" he sees all French people as being from Paris, and like all "Parisiens" he is an asshole. I'm not crazy about Kierkegaard, but how can he be offended at such a little joke as intellectual Frenchmen in chapeau-melon? And how can he say that "we" Frenchmen were all offended? Speak for yourself, turkey! I can tell you that me and my friends found that joke very *apropos* and that there was nothing to be offended about. Maybe Parisiens would rather rub their asses with the weak *Metal Hurlant*, which is taking a typical French (or should I saw Parisien?) "gauchiste" (which means leftist) direction, making the fun and the art poorer and poorer, unlike *HM* which gets stronger and stronger. So go on making my day every month.

Julien Portras
Québec, Québec

Dear Editor:

A letter published in a recent *HM* from a woman who asked that more male nakedness be depicted, prompts my writing now. I like naked guys, too! Sexually glorified, ruthlessly prostrated, or just swinging in the breeze, whangs are all right! *(Down boy!—ls)* As are asses, etc. In addition, aliens in your comics are always apparently asexual, which they *may* be, but it is hard, therefore to identify or empathize with them. I figure this is just a creative cop-out, though, on the artists' part. Are there any other publications or future matter in *HM* that address these views? Thank you.

Daniel Dawes
Stockton, CA

I don't know, but try your local newsstand for issues of Centauri Snatch *and* Betelgeuse Blueboy *magazines.—ls*

Hey *HM*:

I really was compelled to comment on "Ranxerox." Ranx is better than shock treatment! And I'm not the only nut who bolts to the mail area when we see the white covers of the monthly issue. Here at the Bug House (as we Bugs call it), we think that Ranx is one of the best strips published. Liberatore's views of future morals and modes of human endeavor are fascinating and intellectually realistic.

Steve Lofton
Menard Psychiatric Center
Menard, IL

Can anyone argue with an endorsement like that?—ls

Dear *HM*:

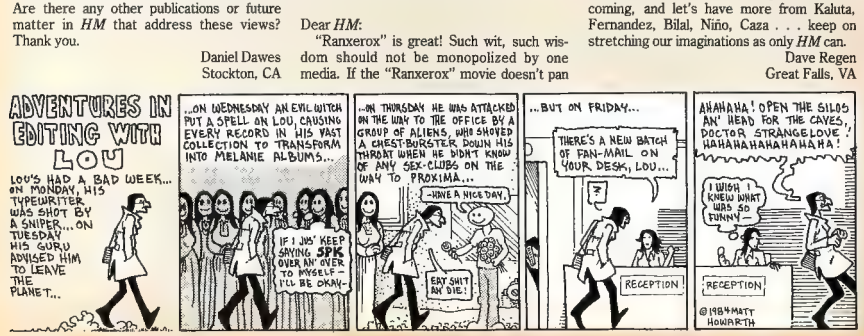
"Ranxerox" is great! Such wit, such wisdom should not be monopolized by one media. If the "Ranxerox" movie doesn't pan out, how about a "Ranxerox and Friends" Saturday morning TV show, somewhere between those demented "Smurfs" and "Puppy's Great Adventure?" But why stop there, you ask? *(We didn't—ls)* Why not Ranxerox lunchboxes, night lights, action figures (Ranx, Lubna, and others with detachable parts), and—complete with a big red crayon—*The Ranxerox Coloring Book*? Ranx can be educational as well. In a guest spot on "Sesame Street" Ranx could explain such important "M" words as: massacre, mutilate, mangle, and murder, while beating Big Bird to a bloody mess. I think Ranx himself said it best, when he said "ZNORT!"

Mark Thanatos
Mt. Juliet, TN

Dear *HM*:

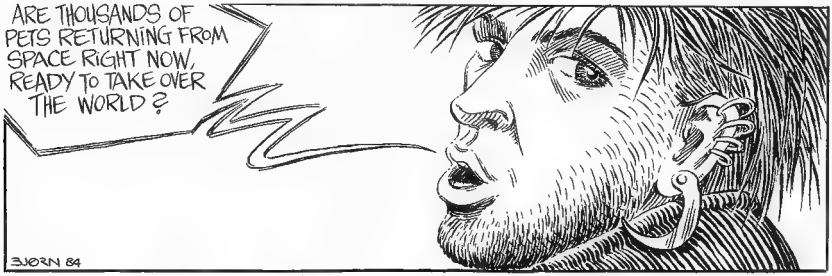
Goodbye, goodbye, nice Ranxerox and dear little Lubna. Your visit was like a blast from the intake sluice of a sludge plant. Please don't ever come back. And speaking of departures, isn't it time to Salammbo the door for good on M. Druillet, his flat-faced protagonists, and his silly apocalyptic blatherings? As for "El Borbah"—well, it boggles the mind that a publication as classy as *HM (So much for* your *credibility, Mac.—ls)* would give as much as one page to this tripe. On the other hand *HM* has given us some marvels. For example, I eagerly await the return of Alef-Thau. Now that he has one good leg and foot, surely you wouldn't leave him, as it were, in limbo? And mention must be made, too, of the Young Ape, whose antics, story, and art added up to the most delightful creation to appear so far on *HM*'s pages. Can we hope for more from Pisu and Manara? Please keep the Moebius coming, and let's have more from Kaluta, Fernandez, Bilal, Niño, Caza . . . keep on stretching our imaginations as only *HM* can.

Dave Regen
Great Falls, VA


ADVENTURES IN EDITING WITH LOU
LOU'S HAD A BAD WEEK... ON MONDAY, HIS TYPEWRITER WAS SHOT BY A SNIPER... ON TUESDAY HIS GURU ADVISED HIM TO LEAVE THE PLANET...
...ON WEDNESDAY AN EVIL WITCH PUT A SPELL ON LOU, CAUSING EVERY RECORD IN HIS VAST COLLECTION TO TRANSFORM INTO MELANIE ALBUMS...
IF I JUS' KEEP SAYING SPK OVER AN' OVER TO MYSELF I'LL BE OKAY-
...ON THURSDAY HE WAS ATTACKED ON THE WAY TO THE OFFICE BY A GROUP OF ALIENS, WHO SHOVED A CHEST-BURSTER DOWN HIS THROAT WHEN HE DIDN'T KNOW OF ANY SEX-CLUBS ON THE WAY TO PROXIMA...
-HAVE A NICE DAY.
EAT SHIT AN' DIE!
...BUT ON FRIDAY...
THERE'S A NEW BATCH OF FAN-MAIL ON YOUR DESK, LOU...
?
RECEPTION
AHAHAHA! OPEN THE SILOS AN' HEAD FOR THE CAVES, DOCTOR STRANGELOVE! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS SO FUNNY
RECEPTION
©1984 MATT HOWARTH

JUNE 2050

IS THIS REALLY 2050..
OR DID TIME, AS WE KNOW IT, CEASE TO EXIST IN THE BIG BANG OF 93?


ARE THOUSANDS OF PETS RETURNING FROM SPACE RIGHT NOW, READY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD?
BJORN 84

ARE WE REAL, OR ARE WE ALL ANDROIDS PLACED HERE BY ALIENS?
ARE THESE PEOPLE THEMSELVES?
IS THAT DOG A DOG?

DO WE CARE?

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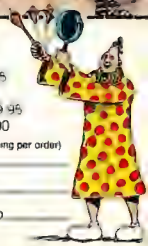

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THE RAILWAYS

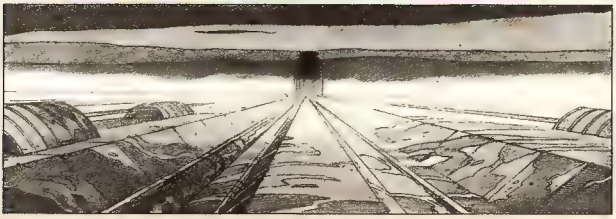
BY FRANÇOIS SCHUITEN AND CLAUDE RENARD

LAST ISSUE FOUND THE STALWART FRANK MOOSE AND HIS CO-PILOT, ALICIA TANZ, SEARCHING FOR WILLIAM DAVIS. THE STRANDED DAVIS HAD MET A STRANGE GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO DISMANTLED HIS CAR AND LEFT HIM UNCONSCIOUS IN THE MUD. WHEN DAVIS CAME TO, HE TOOK OFF AFTER THEM.

THE EXCHANGER

IN THE MIDST OF THE ARID LAND STOOD AN ANCIENT ENERGY EXCHANGER THAT HAD BEEN USED AS A PART OF THE RELAY SYSTEM. THIS FORGOTTEN MONUMENT WAS NO LONGER INDEXED TO NUCLEUS CITY. INDEED, THE CITY HAD PLACED THEIR ENERGY EXCHANGERS IN MORE EASILY ACCESSIBLE ZONES AND CONSTRUCTED THEM OF MORE MODERN MATERIAL.

ALICIA ACTIVELY TOOK CARE OF ADJUSTING EACH LUMINOUS PARTICLE THAT SHE SAW ON THE RADAR SCREEN. ANY OF THEM COULD BE A CONTACT. BUT FEW "BLIPS" HAD DISTURBED THE SMOOTH SURFACE OF THE CONTROL PANEL SINCE SHE AND FRANK MOOSE HAD BEEN TRAVELING THE ZONE IN SEARCH OF WILLIAM DAVIS.

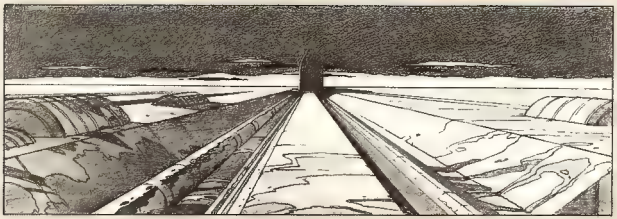


EVERYTHING HAS LED ME TO THIS ROTTEN EX-CHANGER. THOSE BASTARDS MUST BE HERE!

THE EXCHANGER

NOT A BREATH DISTURBED THE DESOLATION OF THE PLACE. EXCEPT FOR THE WIND AND THE NOISE OF DAVIS'S' FOOTSTEPS, THERE WAS NO SOUND. HE SAW NOTHING LIVING IN THE CESSPOOL OF IRON AND BROKEN-DOWN PIPES. HE TRIED IN VAIN TO SPOT A FAMILIAR OBJECT. THERE WERE NONE.. ONLY WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN ENDLESS LANDSCAPE OF DISCOLORED METAL. DAVIS WANTED OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE.

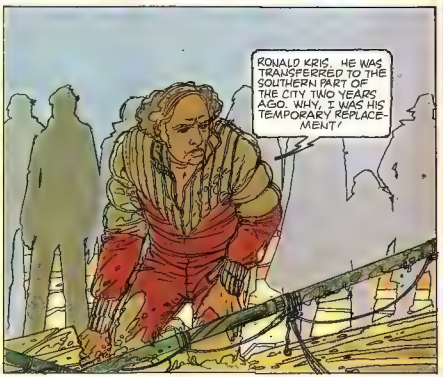
FRANK HAD ACCELERATED THE MACHINE AND THE COUNTRYSIDE BECAME A GRAY HAZE WITH THE UNERRINGLY STRAIGHT LINE OF THE RAIL STRETCHING AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE. THE MACHINE THAT FRANK AND ALICIA PILOTED WAS HEAVY BUT POWERFUL. IT WAS NOT THEIR PREFERRED VEHICLE, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY FREE ONE IN THE CITY. FRANK HAD OFTEN USED IT.



WHAT TH- NO! NO! IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE! NO!

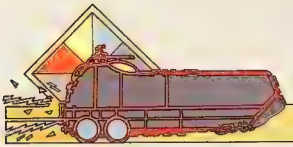
NOR
KRIS

RONALD'S MACHINE!


RONALD KRIS. HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE CITY TWO YEARS AGO. WHY, I WAS HIS TEMPORARY REPLACEMENT!

NOW WHAT IS ALL HIS GEAR DOING IN THIS PLACE?

INDEED, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE STUMBLED UPON MR. KRIS'S MACHINE AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS AND YOU'VE HEARD NOTHING FROM HIM SINCE HE UH . MOVED TO THE SOUTH!?! HAHA! WHAT A GLORIOUS PRETEXT THAT WAS! HAH!



THE EXCHANGER

KRIS'S MOVE... A MERE PRETEXT? WHY? AND FOR WHAT? DAVIS DIDN'T IMMEDIATELY UNDERSTAND THE THINGS BEING SAID, BUT HE DID RECOGNIZE MANY OF THE PEOPLE THAT HE HAD SOUGHT FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE WEEKS. THEY WERE THE ONES... THE "MECHANICS", WHO HAD TORN APART HIS CAR AND LEFT HIM STRANDED. IN PARTICULAR, DAVIS NOTICED THE MAN WHO GAVE THE ORDERS—THEIR LEADER.

ALICIA WAS ASTONISHED THAT THE SPEEDY, HIGHLY MANEUVERABLE CRAFT WITH ITS ADVANCED DETECTION EQUIPMENT HAD SO FAR BEEN USELESS IN LOCATING DAVIS. FRANK HAD LEARNED THAT IT WAS BETTER TO OBEY ORDERS AND TO GRUMBLE TO HIMSELF. HE DID BOTH EXTREMELY WELL.

YOUR ASTONISHMENT IS EQUAL TO YOUR NAIVETÉ. HOW COULD YOU BELIEVE THAT IT WAS AN OVERWHELMING SERIES OF TECHNICAL PROBLEMS THAT STRANDED YOU IN THIS SAD LAND? NO, NO! MEN DID THIS TO YOU. MEN SITTING COMFORTABLY IN NUCLEUS CITY.
SIGH! VERY UNIMAGINATIVE MEN, I MUST SAY. THEY PLANNED THE SAME FATE FOR YOU THAT THEY VISITED ON THE UNFORTUNATE MR KRIS WHEN HIS MACHINE BROKE DOWN. SO DID HE. YOU ARE APPARENTLY A MORE STOUTHEARTED SPECIMEN. THAT IS GOOD.
IT'S UPLIFTING TO KNOW THAT SOMETHING RESEMBLING A MAN CAN STILL BE THE PRODUCT OF A CITY OF LIARS AND THIEVES.
COME. I WILL SHOW YOU.
FOR NOW, YOUR MACHINE CONSTITUTES AN INDISPENSABLE ELEMENT IN A GREAT PROJECT— OUR SUPREME REVENGE— WHICH WE'LL TALK ABOUT LATER. YOU, MY FRIEND, MAY BE THE FINAL LINK IN THE CHAIN THAT IS THIS PROJECT.
?

TO BE CONTINUED..

JUNE 2050
KEEP OUT!
OUT!
VEGAS WORLD
BILL WRAY 2011

DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?
YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.
Death
The Adventures of Pendeman
Lust-Aid Kit
Suicide Letters to Loni
NATIONAL LAMPOON
If You Don't Buy This Magazine, We'll Kill This Dog
DAN NEIMEN

NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

HI, I'M IRVING. THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I dabble in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice*, *U.S. News and World Report*, *Rolling Stone*, and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. *Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.*

Sirs.

I'd subscribe to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, but I don't always understand their jokes Please send me:

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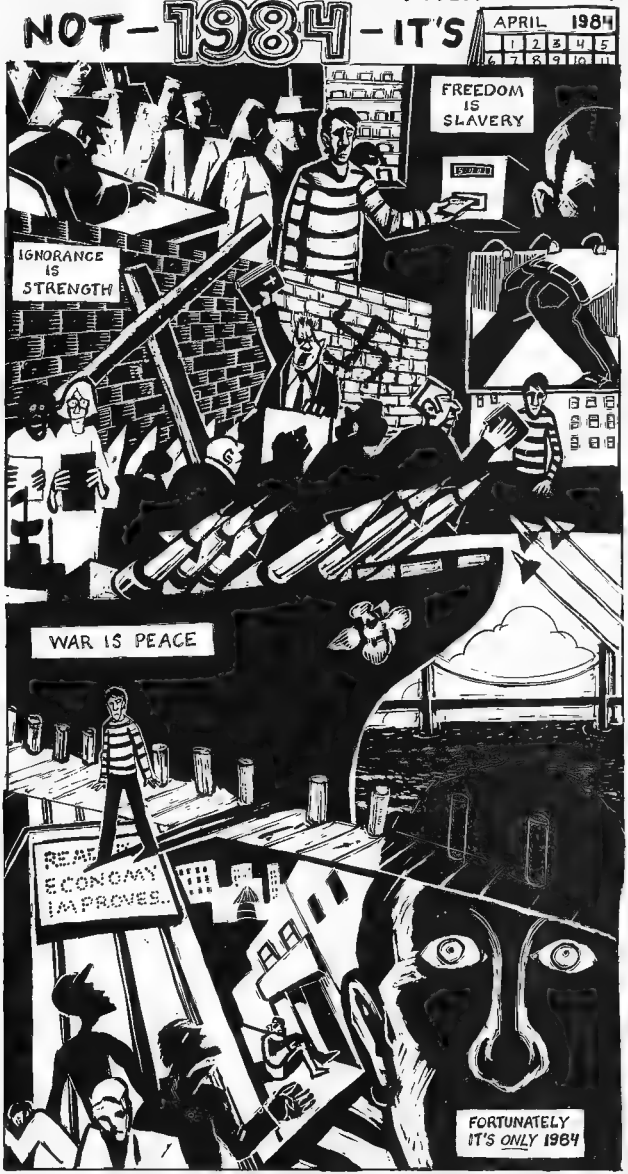

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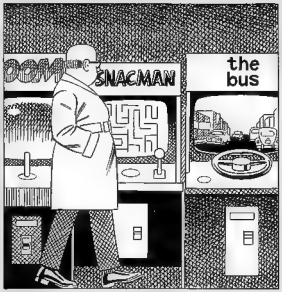

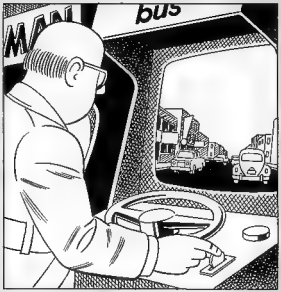

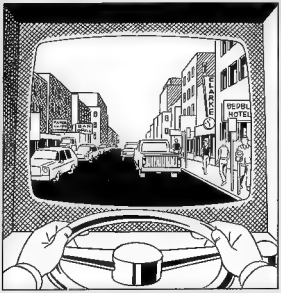

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COMING:

FINALLY! REALLY! NO KIDDING! The DAVID CRONENBERG Interview. And the HM 1984 VIDEO AWARD Winners are announced.

TEX ARCANA

MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE - PART 1.1

©1984 JOHN FINDLEY

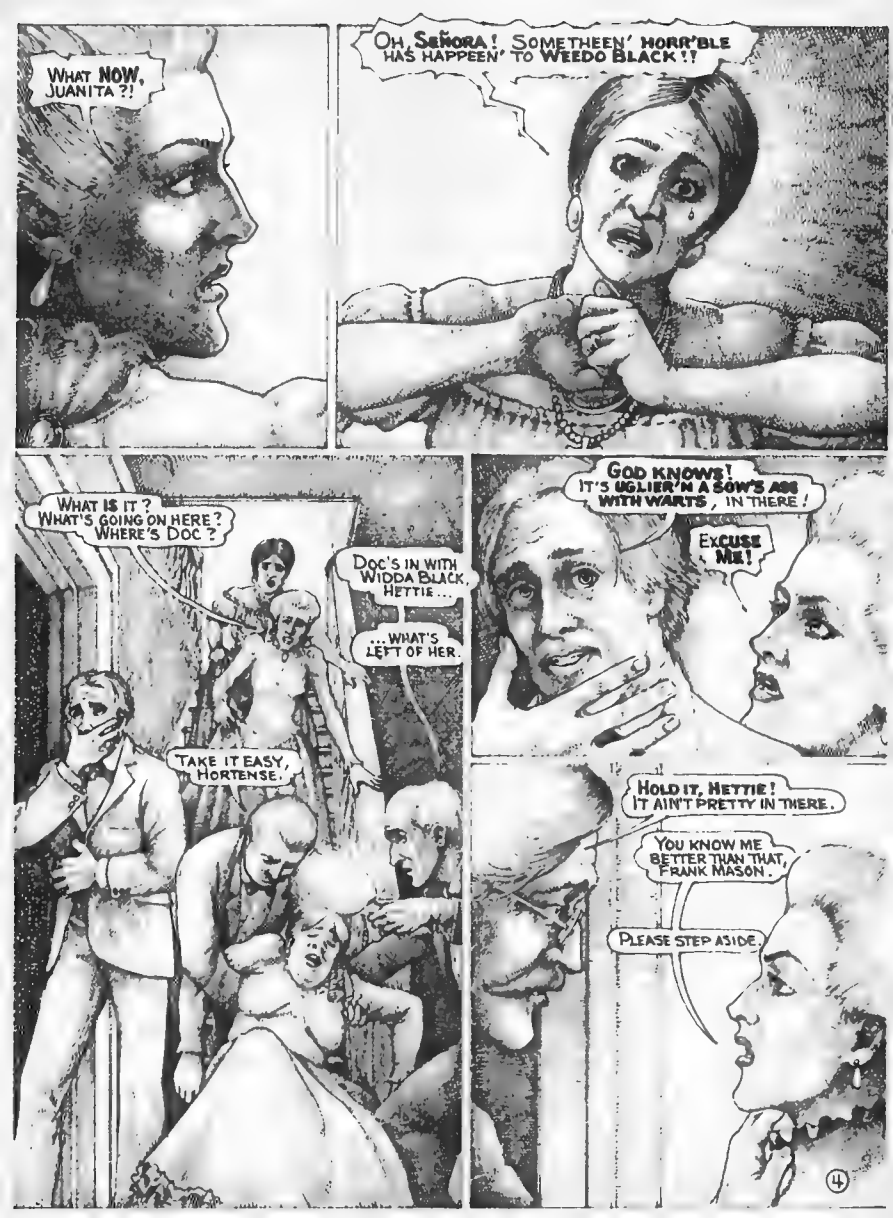
HOWDY, FOLKS!
WELL, IT'S TIME, ONCE AGAIN, TO RIP ASIDE THE VEIL OF FADING MEMORY AND ABSTRUSE CONJECTURE THAT SERVES TO SEPARATE THE PAST FROM THE PRESENT...

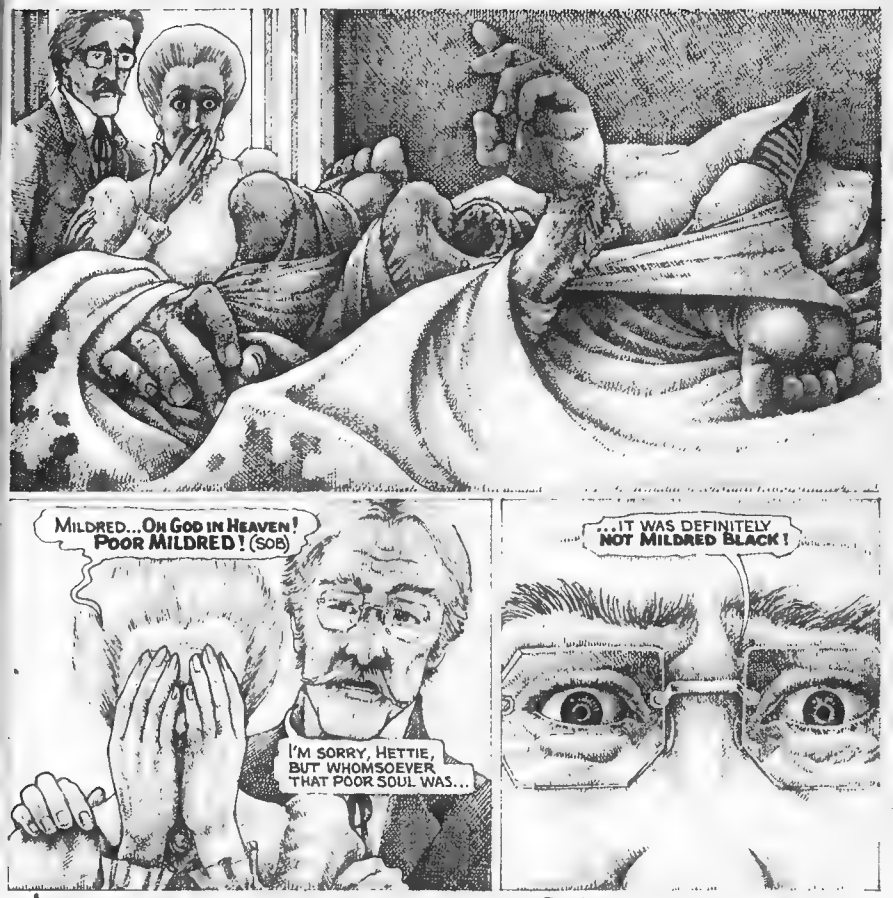
...TIME TO GIVE A WINK AND A TIP OF THE OL' SOMBRERO TO THAT FABLED ERA, LONG GONE, WHEN THE **WEST** WAS NOT ONLY **WILD**...

...IT WAS **WEIRD!**

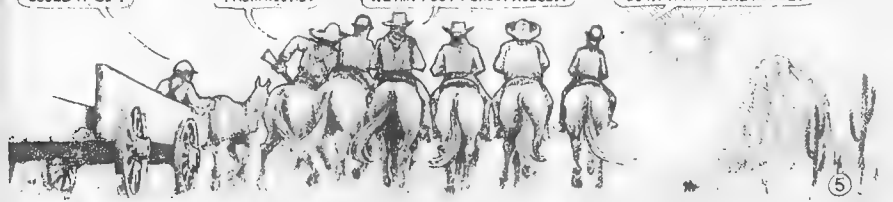
YORE JUS' FULLA LI'L TRICKS, AIN'T YA?
GewissTice, Tex ..gewissTce!
AND MUSIC IS ALSO, SOMEWHAT, THE THEME SOME MILES DISTANT, IN THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS, AT THE RESPECTABLE BOARDING HOUSE OF THE WIDOW BURNS:
MR. PAGANO! OPEN THIS DOOR!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
YES, SIGNORA BURNS?
I'M SORRY, MR. PAGANO... AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR PLAYING IS, I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO PRACTICE IN THIS HOUSE.
THERE ARE THE OTHER GUESTS, WHOSE LACK OF MUSICAL APPRECIATION MUST BE CONSIDERED...

THERE! You SEE?! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
BE QUIET, FOOL!
I BEG YOUR PARDON...? MR PAGANO?
FORGIVE ME, SIGNORA BURNS. I WAS SPEAKING TO... TO MY SERVANT, HERR KLEID.
OH, YES. IN ALL THIS COMMOTION, HE ENTIRELY SLIPPED MY MIND.
I HOPE HE IS FEELING WELL.
NO. I'M AFRAID HE IS STILL BEDRIDDEN.
HEH! HEH! YES! BRING ON THE WIDOW!
I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT. DR. MASON IS JUST DOWNSTAIRS, IF YOU....
SEÑORA BURNS! COME QUEEK!!
4
3


WHAT NOW, JUANITA?!
OH, SEÑORA! SOMETHEEN' HORR'BLE HAS HAPPEEN' TO WEEDO BLACK!!
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHERE'S DOC?
DOC'S IN WITH WIDDA BLACK, HETTIE...
...WHAT'S LEFT OF HER.
TAKE IT EASY, HORTENSE.
GOD KNOWS! IT'S UGLIER'N A SOW'S ASS WITH WARTS, IN THERE!
EXCUSE ME!
HOLD IT, HETTIE! IT AIN'T PRETTY IN THERE.
YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT, FRANK MASON.
PLEASE STEP ASIDE.
4


MILDRED...OH GOD IN HEAVEN! POOR MILDRED! (SOB)
I'M SORRY, HETTIE, BUT WHOMSOEVER THAT POOR SOUL WAS...
...IT WAS DEFINITELY NOT MILDRED BLACK!

AND SO, WITH NEARLY PERFECT DRAMATIC APLOMB, WE LEAVE DOC'S CRYPTIC COMMENT HANGING IN THE TRAGEDY-TAINTED AIR AND TRAVEL WEST TO JOIN **THE SHERIFF** AND HIS LESS-THAN-PERFECT **SEARCH PARTY....**


RECKON WHO COULD IT BE?
I COU'PEECK HEEM OFF FROM HEERE.
HOLD IT, JOAQUIN! WE AIN'T OUT T'SHOOT NOBODY.
HE'S FLAT BEATIN' TH' SHIT OUTA THAT THERE HORSE.

I BELIEVE...YA KNOW, I BELIEVE THAT'S.... JED, DON'T THAT LOOK LIKE LUKE WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?
GOODKIN?
YEAH. I BELIEVE THAT'S LUKE GOODMAN!
YOU MEAN GOODKIN AN' IT DON'T LOOK NUTHIN' LIKE HIM...
...UH, MEANIN' NO DISRESPECT.
TH' CLOSER HE GITS, TH' MORE HE 'PEARS T' FAVOR SLIM SINGER!
NAH! SLIM DON'T STAY OUTA JAIL LONG ENOUGH T'GIT THIS FAR OUTA TOWN.
LOOKS LIKE PHIL BOB SWINT T'ME.
LORD, MAN, DIN'T YOU HEAR? PHIL BOB ATE MISTLETOE AN' DIED LAS' CHRISTMAS.
THAT'S A TERRIBLE THING T'HAVE HAPPEN ON CHRISTMAS!
ACTU'LLY, IT WORKED OUT RIGHT NICE.
MORT 'N' GEORGE PICKLED AN' PERFUMED HIM AN' LAID HIM OUT ALL SURROUNDED BY HIS CASKET FILLED WITH HOLLY AN' ORNAMENTS....
NO MISTLETOE, O' COURSE.
THEN THEY SHIPPED HIM HOME TO HIS RELATIVES IN A LITTLE TOWN IN OHIO.
VAN WERT.
YEAH... VAN WERT, OHIO. IT MUSTA BEEN A WONDERFUL SURPRISE.
OH, NO! IT'S...
MADRE MIA! EET'S...
IT LOOKS LIKE...
OH, LORD! IT'S...
I SHOULDA KNOWED!
?
WHO IS IT?
MY ACHIN' ASS! IT'S...
6

BUFFALO WADE!!
WHO?
I THOUGHT EET WAS SOMEBODY ELSE.
WHOA!
WHEW!
SHERIFF! THANK HEAVENS!! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!
NOW HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, WADE! WE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE AN' I JUS' DON'T....
THIS IS BUSINESS, SHERIFF! SOMETHING HAPPENED THIS MORNING THAT WAS...WELL, IT WAS JUST TRES BIZARRE!
IT WAS JUST AFTER SUNRISE. I WAS RIDING ALONG THE RIDGE THAT RUNS DOWN INTO BROKEN HEEL PASS AT SORRY LOT CAVE.
YEAH. I KNOW THE PLACE.
WELL, SO, I HAPPENED TO LOOK DOWN AT THE CAVE AND, AND I KNOW THIS SOUNDS ABSOLUTELY TOO INSANE, THERE WERE THESE TWO HORRIBLE LOOKING LITTLE CREATURES...
7

...WRAPPING SOMEONE - IT LOOKED LIKE A DEAD SOMEONE - UP IN A BLANKET AND PUSHING AND ROLLING HIM AROUND ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE!
TWO LITTLE CRITTERS?
TWO HORRIBLE LOOKING LITTLE CREATURES!
SO I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD: I DREW DOWN ON THEM AND FIRED.
LORD GOD!
YA DIDN' KILL 'EM, DIDJA?
I MISSED.
THAT'S AMAZIN'! I SEEN HIM SHOOT TH' FLOWERS OFF'N A CACTUS AT FOUR HUNNERD YARDS WITHOUT RUFFLIN' A PETAL!
I HEAR TELL YOU STILL CARRY ONE O' THEM FLOWERS SOMEWHERE'S ON YER PERSON.
DID THEY LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THIS?
$50 REWARD POSTED
WEIRD LITTLE VARMINT #1
COLOR: WHITE ABOUT 2½ FT TALL
WANTE
FER HIS OWN PERTE
WEIRD LITTLE VARMINT #2
COLOR: GREEN (SOMEWHAT) ABOUT 3 FT TALL
TAIL!
WANTED
THAT'S THEM!
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES TO THE WEST...
TO BE CONTINUED.

ROCK OPERA II: THE RISE AND FALL OF ROCKY STARZBORNE

Ded Skullivan had been a corpse for two years before he made it big in show business.

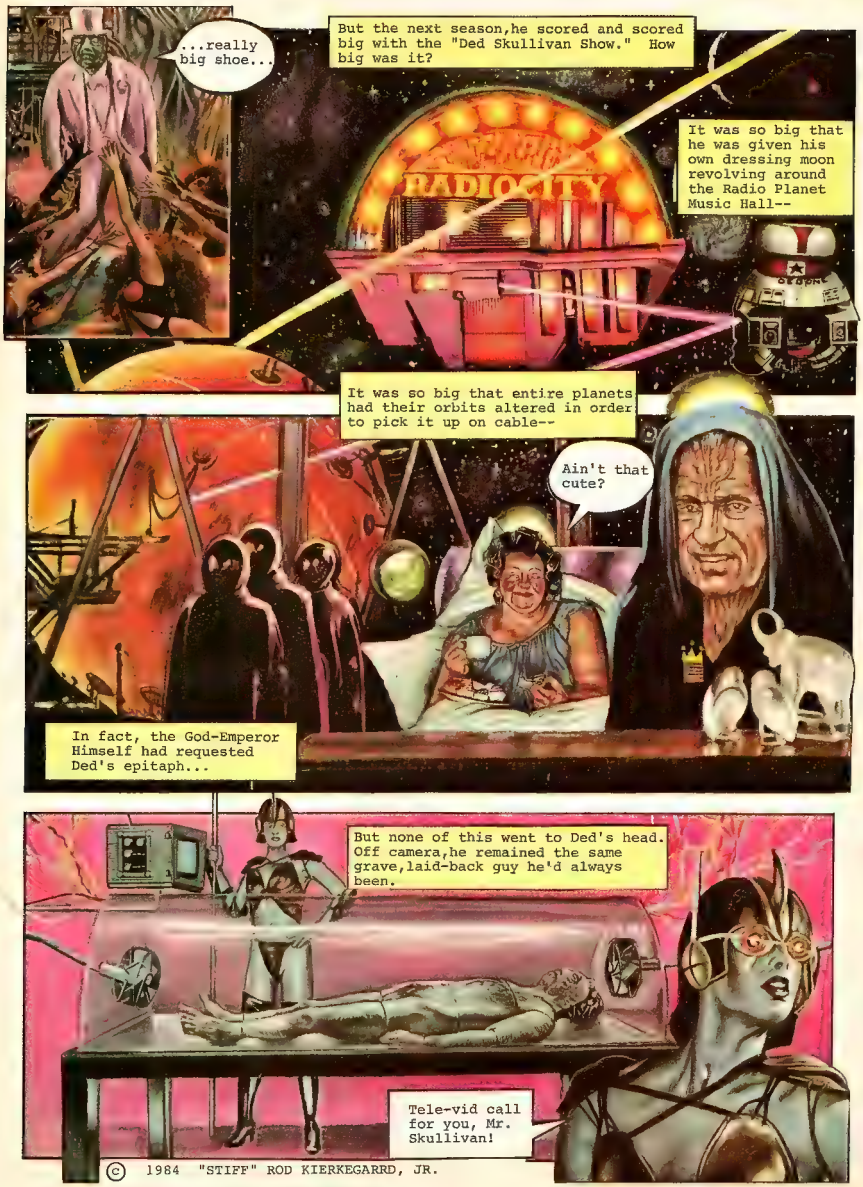
Haw!

Poot!

ZANIES

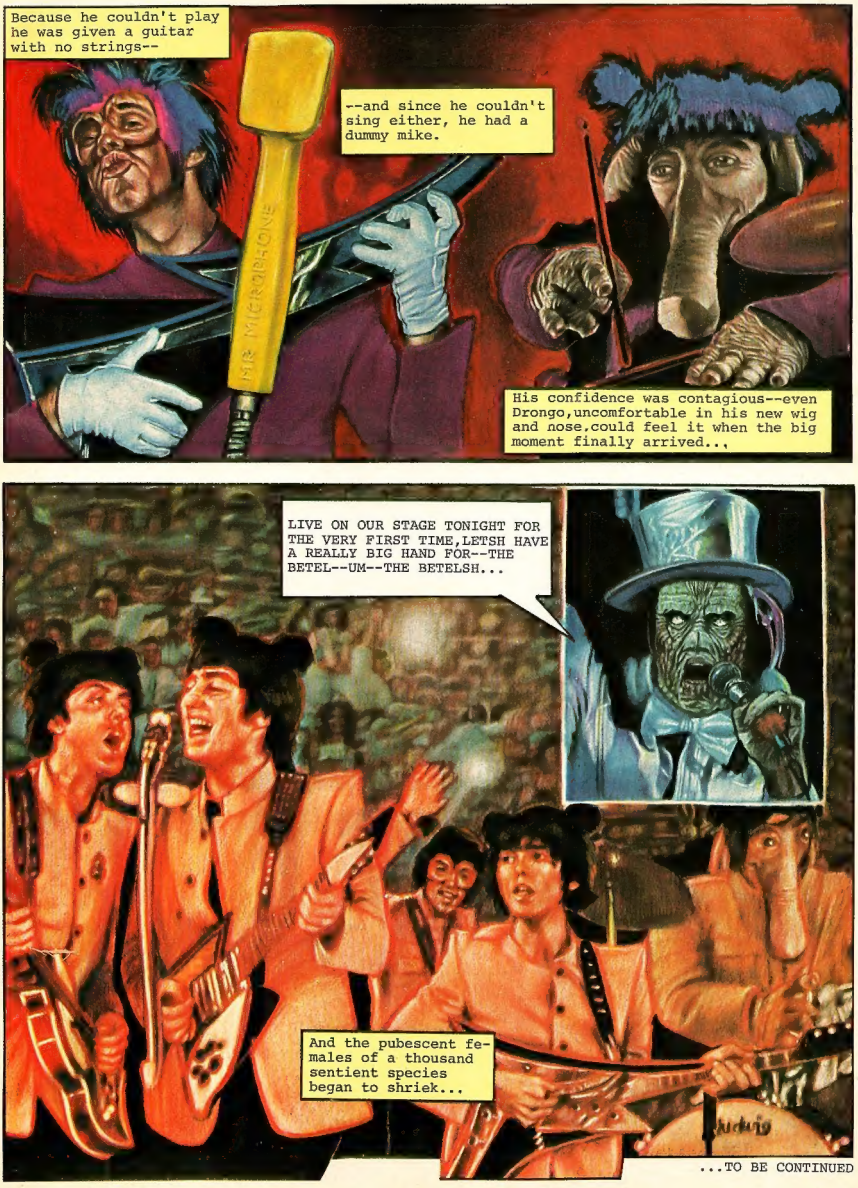
Embalmed and wired for sound,his stiff manner and,well,dead-pan humor made him a natural for Holovision. Unfortunately,his first show,"The Newlydead Game"was a flop.

The target audience--the recently frozen with cable HV hooked up to their cryogenic coffins--remained cool to the concept.


...really big shoe...
But the next season, he scored and scored big with the "Ded Skullivan Show." How big was it?
RADIO CITY
It was so big that he was given his own dressing moon revolving around the Radio Planet Music Hall--
It was so big that entire planets had their orbits altered in order to pick it up on cable--
Ain't that cute?
In fact, the God-Emperor Himself had requested Ded's epitaph...
But none of this went to Ded's head. Off camera, he remained the same grave, laid-back guy he'd always been.
Tele-vid call for you, Mr. Skullivan!
© 1984 "STIFF" ROD KIERKEGARRD, JR.

It was from Wolfman Jakka,the famous laser D-J.
Ded,baby,it's me! Have I got an act for you--five cute kids with their own hair!They call themselves the "Betelgeuse IV"--honest,they're gonna knock you dead!
At the tone leave your name and--

And so the deal was struck. For weeks,Jon,Pol,Gorge,Rocky,and Drongo had been chained to their instruments down in Jakka's rec room practicing such tunes as"A Hard Dawn All Night'and'I Wanna Handle Your Hole."


Because he couldn't play he was given a guitar with no strings--
--and since he couldn't sing either, he had a dummy mike.
MR MICROPHONE
His confidence was contagious--even Drongo,uncomfortable in his new wig and nose,could feel it when the big moment finally arrived...
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